

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,030



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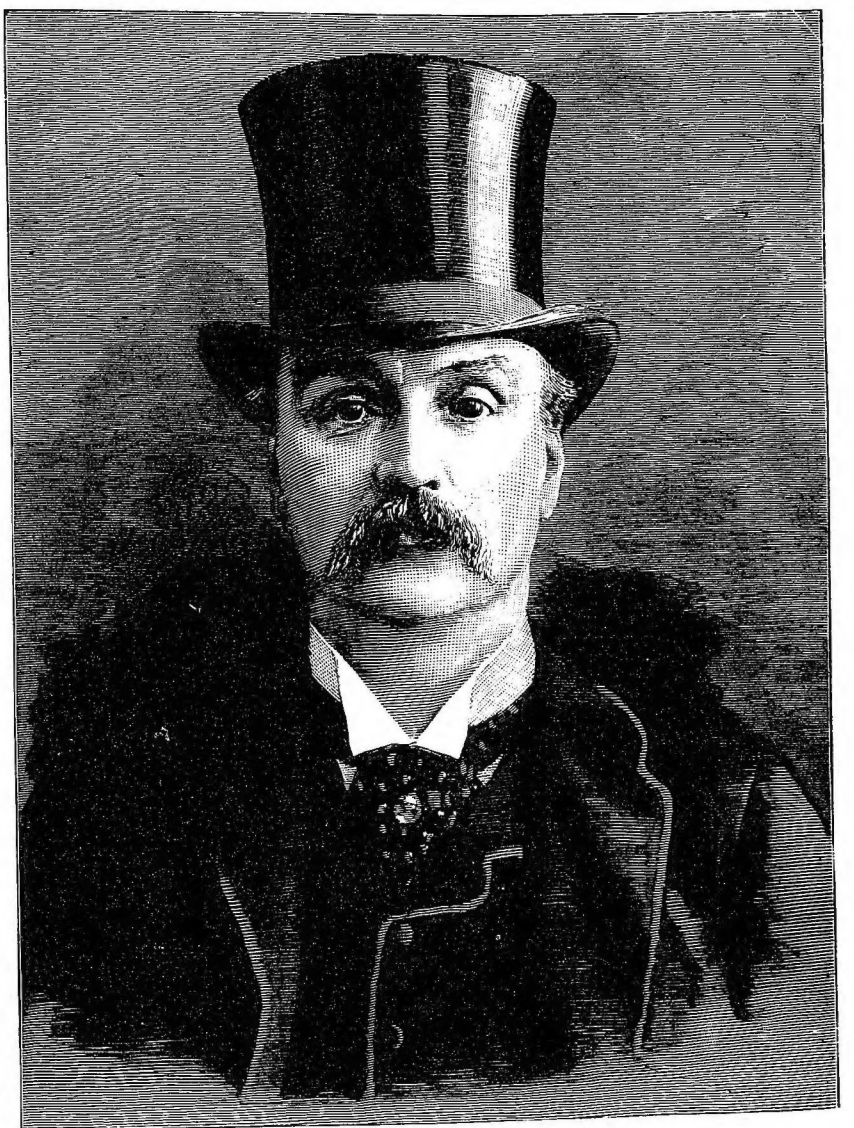
ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
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MRS. JAMES MAYBRICK



MR. JAMES MAYBRICK

THE MAYBRICK CASE



THE OLD ENGLISH TOWN AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—THE GATE AND PORTCULLIS

Topics of the Week

THE SESSION.—Now that the Session is drawing to a close, the question naturally arises whether, during its course, the Government have maintained their ground. That they have committed some serious mistakes no one disputes. They displayed little prudence in their treatment of the Sugar Bounties Question, and friends and foes unite in condemning their action with regard to the Tithes Bill. The way in which they dealt with the Royal Grants, too, was rather unsatisfactory. Upon the whole, however, they have decidedly strengthened their position. Lord Salisbury has managed foreign affairs with so much tact and judgment that hardly a word had been uttered against any part of his policy. That alone, even if nothing else could be said for the Government, would secure for them a certain measure of respect. But they have other, and equally solid, claims to the favourable judgment of the nation. Whatever we may think of the principles by which they have regulated their action in Ireland, it is certain that they have succeeded in re-establishing order in that country; and the way has thus been cleared for the introduction of such conciliatory measures as those which Mr. Chamberlain has lately foreshadowed. Scotland has obtained a system of local government which is admitted to embody thoroughly Liberal ideas, and, after long waiting, she may now hope that her Universities will be brought into accord with the real needs of the present day. She has also secured the advantage of the principle of free elementary education. If nothing of the first importance has been done for England specially, she will benefit, with the rest of the United Kingdom, by the improvements which are about to be effected in the Navy. Altogether, the record of the Government must be pronounced remarkably good; and it is the more creditable because all sorts of obstacles have been thrown in the way by unscrupulous opponents. If Ministers do as well during the remaining Sessions of the present Parliament, they will probably not have much reason to dread an appeal to the electors.

THE DOCK LABOURERS' STRIKE.—Most strikes which possess any element of permanent resistance about them originate among skilled workmen, whose places cannot be filled up by their employers except at the cost of considerable inconvenience and delay. But this strike, which nevertheless shows considerable signs of vitality, has occurred in a department of labour where the competitors for employment are almost always in excess of the work to be done. The nature of the occupation, too, is such as to need no lengthened apprenticeship, so that a fresh body of men, possessing no more than the average amount of strength and skill, might be easily drilled in a few days to perform the duties required from dock-labourers. Indeed, it is just because the work needs so few qualifications that those harrowing scenes with which we are so familiar take place at the dock-gates during the winter months, when there are a score of hungry competitors for each available vacancy. The persistence, therefore, of the present movement denotes a greater degree of *esprit de corps* among the casual labourers of the East End than has ever before been witnessed, and, whether this solidarity of purpose is due to Socialist teaching or not, the fact remains equally significant. In the case of trade disputes the comparatively ignorant outsider should be very cautious of expressing a dogmatic opinion as to the side on which right and justice lies. But this much may be safely said. The eager competition for dock employment is clearly shown by the conditions hitherto exacted by the dock-officials. Noskilled workmen would sell their labour on such terms. To be engaged at 8 A.M., and then, perhaps, get only two hours' work, paid at the rate of fivepence an hour, seems hard measure, indeed, but no doubt it is warranted by the condition of the labour market. Otherwise, the men's demands seem reasonable enough, that is, sixpence an hour, and not less than four hours' work at a time. The dock-companies assert that this change will swallow half their profits, and, of course, in these days of keen competition there is no small risk that the trade may be driven abroad. In that case the dock-labourers would be worse off than ever; nevertheless, we hope that such concessions may be made as will amicably terminate the present dispute.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—Naturally enough, the public are much more interested in the militant side of the present naval manœuvres than in the practical lessons to be derived from them. The popular mind has fixed upon the competition between Admiral Tryon and Admiral Baird as if it were a new form of sport. But the professional judgment concerns itself with none of these things. For it, the evolutions themselves have subordinate interest to the manner in which they are carried out, and to the performances of the various classes of ships. Already, not a little valuable information has been obtained on those heads. It comes out very clearly, for one thing, that whether a war-vessel be of one type or another, speed is of the highest importance. The swift craft can fight or run away, as her commander deems expedient; the slow vessel must

stand the racket of it whatever betides. Another discovery is that smoke-creating coal should not be put on board battle-ships. Maritime warfare will be, it is clear, largely a matter of surprise for the future, and what chance of that could there be if the funnels were leaving behind them mile-long trails of black smoke? Efficient stoking is also a *desideratum* still to be attained. It is a business that cannot be learnt off-hand, and every vessel should, therefore, have a full complement of expert stokers at all times. These are some of the lessons taught by the manœuvres, which more than repay the cost of tuition.

"A MATTER OF PHYSICAL ENDURANCE."—The other evening, when the Light Railways Bill was being discussed, Mr. Storey took occasion to announce that, if certain amendments were not accepted, the question of passing the measure would become "a matter of physical endurance." And the event proved that he spoke truly. The Bill was, indeed, read a third time, but not until every conceivable form of obstructive opposition to it had been overcome. Does it never occur to the Radicals that this strange policy may some day tell against themselves? They continually proclaim that, at the next General Election, they will secure an overwhelming majority; and perhaps they may prove to be right. At any rate, a turn of Fortune's Wheel is sure, sooner or later, to give them what they want. What if the Conservatives should then begin to talk about the passing of measures being merely "a matter of physical endurance?" If Mr. Storey's friends were in office, they would introduce proposals which Tories would dislike quite as much as he dislikes the Light Railways Bill; and the Radicals could not reasonably complain if their own method of opposition were imitated. The truth is, that the Democratic system cannot be properly worked unless politicians are prepared to act in a fair and moderate spirit. No one wishes that any scheme should be hurried through Parliament without adequate discussion. It was right that the Light Railways Bill should be closely examined. There is much to be said for it, but there is also much to be said against it; and the country would have been disappointed if the arguments on both sides had not been clearly stated. And so with all measures involving principles about which there are differences of opinion: But, when discussion degenerates into "a matter of physical endurance," the result is simply a waste of valuable time. A vast amount of irritation is produced, and Parliament is prevented from giving due attention to some of its gravest and most important duties. If the new plan is developed much further, the constituencies will be sorely tempted to demand the application of some system which, while stopping Obstruction, may also tend in no slight degree to hamper legitimate debate.

THE HOME SECRETARY AND A COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.—We are strongly disposed to agree with Lord Bramwell, that a Court of Criminal Appeal, such as is advocated by Lord Fitzgerald, would do more harm than good. The existence of such a tribunal would greatly weaken the sense of responsibility at present felt by the judge and jury before whom a case is tried, as they would always feel that their decisions were liable to be reversed, and would, in doubtful and difficult cases, be only too glad that the burden should be shifted from their own shoulders to that of some other body. Moreover, in most cases (and they are exceedingly rare) where a miscarriage of justice has occurred, the evidence proving this miscarriage has not come to light till months after the trial took place. When such cases do occur, a Court of Criminal Appeal already exists, practically, though not nominally, for the Home Secretary necessarily bases his decision on the best legal talent available. And this brings us to the Home Secretary himself. As regards his office, some change is certainly advisable. An individual like the Home Secretary, who is habitually overworked, ought not to be burdened with such a terrible responsibility as that which has been laid on Mr. Matthews in the Maybrick case. Be it remembered, too, that this undivided responsibility is of quite modern origin, and arose thus. That elderly monarchs like George IV. and William IV. should sign death-warrants seemed in no way repulsive, but when a young Queen succeeded to the Throne, it was (unwisely, we think) determined to relieve her of this repulsive duty. Unwisely, we say, because the Sovereign ought to accept the burdens as well as the emoluments of her high office, and because, moreover, the Royal sign-manual expressed the collective consent of all Her Majesty's advisers; whereas now, so the popular interpretation runs, when a criminal is sentenced to death, it is an individual—one Henry Matthews—who practically puts the rope round his neck. We advocate, therefore, the revival of the ancient practice. Let the Sovereign, as in former days, sign the warrants, thereby rendering all her advisers responsible.

IRISH LIGHT RAILWAYS.—It speaks well for the patriotism of the Parnellite members that most of them broke away from their Radical allies on the Light Railways Bill. This is not the first time either that the Irish members have compared favourably with the English Mountain. It is true, they would have stultified themselves completely on this railway question had they supported the Storeyites. The

main objection of the latter to the Bill was that it might impose a substantial charge on the Imperial Treasury for the exclusive advantage of certain localities. That was a legitimate objection enough from a British standpoint. But it would have had a curious sound from Irish mouths, which are accustomed to twit England with the enormous debt she owes to their country. If that be the case, where would be the sweet reasonableness of refusing to accept an instalment on account from the debtor? Much to the credit of their common sense, Mr. Healy and his colleagues declined to be led into such an entirely illogical position. Accepting the measure as likely to be beneficial to Ireland, they refused to become parties to factious tactics. Thus ushered in with the approval both of Unionists and of the majority of the Opposition, the scheme starts under auspicious circumstances. But the public should not expect too much from it at first. Some time must elapse before the feeding lines are constructed and furnished with rolling stock, while even when that is accomplished, it will be a slow operation to divert the trade of the districts from its customary channels. The effort is thoroughly commendable, however, whatever may be the upshot. It will show Paddy that John Bull is sincerely desirous to assist him, and quite ready to spend money freely for that purpose.

ENGLAND AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—According to the Berlin *National Zeitung*, the visit of the German Emperor to Osborne led to results of extraordinary importance. An understanding, it seems, was arrived at, "assuring an identity of policy between the Powers forming the Triple Alliance and England in European questions, and making provision for all the consequences of this policy." It was hardly necessary for Mr. Labouchere to press for information about so extravagant a statement. The writer went on to say that the arrangements made with the Salisbury Government would be adhered to by their successors; and, as Sir J. Fergusson pointed out, that alone would have sufficed to show that his article was founded on "pure conjecture." The days for secret alliances, so far as England is concerned, are past. All real power in this country belongs to the House of Commons, and no British statesman would venture to give pledges which, if brought to the test of a vote, might be repudiated. Even if this were not the case, it would be extremely unwise on the part of England to fetter her liberty of action. Her Empire is so vast that her interests are not absolutely identical with those of any other Power, so that she can be perfectly secure only as long as she reserves to herself the right of taking her own course in any great crisis by which her welfare may be affected. At the same time, there can be little doubt that the Triple Alliance deserves, and will always receive, her cordial sympathy. There is nothing to indicate that it has been formed for offensive purposes. Germany, Austria, and Italy are content with their existing boundaries, and have established intimate relations with one another simply to prevent other States, which are not equally satisfied, from disturbing the peace of Europe. England cannot but wish that the supreme object of the Alliance may be attained; and if France or Russia, or both combined, were to begin a war of revenge or a war of ambition, the moral influence of Great Britain would certainly be thrown into the scale against the aggressors. Whether she would do more than express disapproval would depend wholly upon the extent to which her own interests might be threatened.

OUR SMALLER COLONIES.—Although the French Colonial Empire is of very small dimensions compared with the British, we venture to assert that a fairly-educated Frenchman takes more interest in, and knows more about, his country's colonial possessions than a fairly-educated Englishman does concerning his own national estates beyond the seas. Of course, a cynic may say that the matter is much easier for a Frenchman because his colonies are so few. Nevertheless the fact remains that unless they have some personal interest in them Englishmen are strangely apathetic about the colonies. How many men or women of decent education, for example (unless cramming for an exam.), could give, off-hand, a correct list of our possessions in the West Indies? It is to be hoped, however, that ignorant as we are of such matters, our interest is occasionally stimulated by reading abstracts in the newspapers of the reports published by the Colonial Office concerning these various communities. It is noteworthy, for instance, to learn that Heligoland (which, however, is no bigger than the Isle of Dogs) is the only colony which has no public debt; that Gibraltar is changing her British currency to a Spanish one; and that Malta is in a condition of unprecedented prosperity and social development. The West Indies, too, despite the abolition of negro servitude, are worse still, the ruthless abrogation of protective duties, are recovering some of the prosperity which they enjoyed in the days of "Tom Cringle's Log." This is chiefly due to the fact that they have supplemented the staple articles of production by various minor industries. Jamaica and Trinidad, for example, are to the United States now something of the same kind as the Channel Islands are to the United Kingdom, that is to say, fruit and vegetable farms. Of Cyprus, which is not precisely a colony, we wish a more favourable report could be given. But since the cession to this country, a good many things have been against us; crops

have been poor, prices have been low, and locusts have abounded. The inhabitants, too, think that we are more oppressive tax-gatherers than the Turks. The sober truth is that we have effected many administrative improvements, and that such reforms cost money. So let not Cyprus despair of her future.

THE COLUMBUS COMPETITION.—Has the world any occasion for another history of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus? The Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of that immortal navigator, evidently thinks so, or he would not offer prizes for the production of such a work. Handsome prizes, too; 1,200*l.* to the winner, and half the amount to the second best. Nor is the quantity of matter required in excess of the remuneration. Competitors are limited to two volumes of five hundred pages each, but, under special circumstances, they may add a third volume. It is the quality of the writing that will prove a stumbling block to many aspirants. To begin with, it must be of "a comprehensive, synoptic, and concise character, without tedious and recondite details." Very easily said, but intending competitors may well ask for further guidance as to what details will be judged "comprehensive and synoptic," and what "tedious and recondite." Every writer has his own opinion on such niceties as these; we never met with one who would acknowledge his literary work tedious. But this is only the initial difficulty which confronts those who would secure that glorious 1,200*l.* They are called upon to write, not merely an account of Columbus and his famous exploit, but a compendious narrative of the heroic doings of the Spanish and Portuguese in all parts of the world. In a word, the work is to be a glorification of the Iberian nations, and as it is to be submitted to a mainly Iberian tribunal, the winner will probably be he who lays on the butter thickest. And that is the way to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World—the exaltation of two of the most backward countries in the O.C.

REACTION IN RUSSIA.—When Count Tolstoi died, it was thought by some that his anti-Liberal policy would be abandoned or modified. This anticipation has not been fulfilled. M. Durnovo, his successor, acts in precisely the same spirit, declining to make concessions to the party which demands Reform, and restricting, as far as possible, the action of those comparatively free institutions which were introduced by the late Czar. A ukase has just been issued, the effect of which will be to diminish greatly the importance of trial by jury; and it is believed that other measures of a like tendency will soon be adopted. Obviously, then, the present Czar, whatever may be his private or public virtues, cannot claim to be regarded as a ruler of "Advanced" sympathies. He has evidently convinced himself that the Russian people are incapable of appreciating, or even of fully understanding, Western methods of Government, and that it is best for them, as well as for him, that they should live under a rigid despotism. In this opinion, strangely enough, he has the support of a good many English admirers. It should not be forgotten, however, that he is very far from having the sympathy of the most intelligent class of his own subjects. The vast majority of educated Russians hold that a considerable advance in the direction of popular government might not only be safely made, but is urgently needed as a means of protection from the jobbery and corruption which have long been eating into the heart of the public service. So far as the peasantry are concerned, no very serious opposition to the Czar's will is to be expected. They regard him as their friend, and are slow to believe that he is capable of doing anything opposed to their vital interests. Nevertheless, the inevitable tendency of his policy will be to strengthen the Nihilist party, since many educated men, who would be content with moderate progress, will certainly not be content with the deliberate acceptance of reactionary measures. Finding that nothing is to be gained by patience and quiet discussion, they will begin to look for deliverance to those who hope to found a new society by conspiracy and violence.

TYPHOID FEVER.—The recent outbreak of typhoid fever in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, though fortunately not of a very serious character, has attracted a good deal of attention, and has caused some questioning in Parliament. This fever, although it is said to have been diagnosed by medical men in the last century, was, until comparatively recently, a rare disease. Elderly men can remember when typhoid and typhus were popularly confused in the public mind, though they are now known to be perfectly distinct maladies; and this fact proves that, not so very long ago, typhoid fever was of unfrequent occurrence. Some authorities trace its origin to the modern system of removing household impurities by the aid of water. This may or may not be the case; but, on the other hand, it is pretty certain that the old cesspool arrangement was responsible for epidemic disorders of a far more malignant type. An outbreak of typhoid is often traceable to the milk or the water supply of the household; but in what way the milk or the water in such cases becomes pregnant with mischief it seems difficult, and often impossible, to trace. Another peculiarity of typhoid is that it shuns poor, dirty, and crowded localities, and attacks the dwellings of what are known as well-to-do people.

Possibly the city poor are hardened against it by the insanitary conditions among which they pass their lives. It is pretty well established that in such cities as Paris and Munich, where typhoid is rife, the natives escape (because, the doctors say, their systems are already saturated with the typhoidal poison), while the new-comers suffer. Melbourne, which till lately was the healthiest large city, situated in a warm climate, in the world, has for some time past been much scourged by typhoid fever, and an English engineer has just been engaged to overhaul the drainage-system there. Altogether there is no small amount of mystery as to the incubation of this disease.

BURGLARY MADE EASY.—Since the holiday season began, the time of many metropolitan magistrates has been largely taken up with hearing cases of burglaries at houses left to take care of themselves. It is invariably shown that the owners were most careful to bolt, bar, and lock every means of entrance before starting. They generally go through the further formality of requesting the policeman on the beat to give an eye to their premises while they are away. We are only surprised that they do not also notify their departure to Mr. William Sikes and his friends. Perhaps they consider it unnecessary ; so, no doubt, it is. For the ever-watchful William keeps an attentive eye at this season on all deserted houses which afford promise of "swag," and, sooner or later, he is pretty sure to test their fastenings with his professional tools. Who shall blame him ? Of course, he has no right to take advantage of the owner's absence. But look at the temptation ! The policeman only comes past, perhaps, once an hour ; there is no caretaker on the premises to give an alarm ; the work of breaking-in can therefore be done quickly, and, once inside, the bold burglar can take his leisure, and even refresh himself if there be any champagne in the cellar. He deserves punishment, of course ; but is none due to those who, to save a few shillings a week, thus add to the profits of the criminal classes ? It would be a well-deserved penalty if, in every case of the sort, the stingy householder had to pay full price for the wasted time of the Bench and the police.

NOTICE.—*With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VII."*

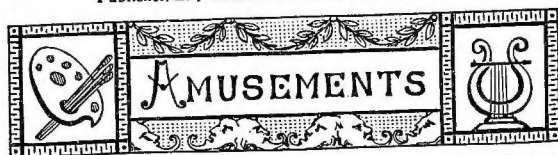
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(By Order) **A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.**



THE MAYBRICK CASE

MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN had on Tuesday a second and lengthy interview with the Home Secretary, and it is said that they were engaged chiefly in considering some fresh medical evidence. What is certain is, that a gentleman from the Home Office has been paying a visit to Liverpool to make inquiries for the guidance of Mr. Matthews, especially, it is added, on some points which the Home Secretary desired to be elucidated. It is supposed that these related less to the conflict of medical testimony than to matters of fact. However this may be, the Commissioner from the Home Office has had interviews with some of the principal witnesses at the trial, including the nurses in attendance on Mr. Maybrick during his final illness. The accounts of the new information thus derived from them must of course be received with reserve. In the version given of it by a news agency, there is one statement which would be important if true. It is that, on the Saturday before Mr. Maybrick's death, a maid was sent by Mrs. Maybrick with a written prescription to be made up by a local chemist, and that he refused to make it up because it included a poisonous drug, and also because no signature by a doctor was appended to it. At the same time the chemist is reported to have known it to be an unfinished one by Dr. Humphreys, and to have said that he would keep it until the doctor called. It seems singular that something so important as this should not, were it a fact, have been brought out at the trial, at the instance of the druggist if of no one else. Of the very numerous memorials to the Home Secretary, which have been pouring in from many parts of the Kingdom, one of the latest is from Birmingham, where the total number of signatories in favour of Mrs. Maybrick has reached 45,000, and where a large and enthusiastic public meeting, held on Monday, recommended her case to the favourable consideration of the Home Secretary, on the ground of the conflict of the medical evidence. The newspapers have continued to teem with letters for and against her innocence. Among those strongly in her favour was one from Lord Carnarvon's brother, Mr. Auberon Herbert, who, adopting Dr. Forbes Winslow's theory that Mr. Maybrick's gastro-enteritis was produced by "twenty-one irritant poisons" administered to him by his medical attendant, declares that this "revelation sweeps away the last prop of the prosecution." Another correspondent of the *Times* points out, however, that Mr. Maybrick's first attack was on the 23th April, and that after partially recovering from it he had a second seizure on the 3rd or 4th of May, whereas the course of dosing with "irritant poisons" began only on the 5th. The precarious state of Mrs. Maybrick's health did not at the middle of the week lead to anticipations of a fatal result.

Our portrait of Mr. James Maybrick is from a photograph by Barraud, 92, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 263, Oxford Street, London; that of Mrs. Maybrick is from a photograph by Walery, 164, Regent Street, W.

THE ELIZABETHAN TOWN AT HER MAJESTY'S
THEATRE

THIS theatre is now devoted to a season of promenade concerts, and, under the auspices of the "Opera, Limited," a new and energetic management has made the exterior fresh and bright, the design being somewhat daring, and combining yellow and brown, with gold on the shafts of the columns, and on the ground of the sculptured frieze. Inside the horseshoe-shaped house, quaint



PALÉ MANSION, NORTH WALES, WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL RESIDE DURING HER VISIT



THE DEFEAT OF THE DERVISHES. ON THE NILE—THE DEATH OF WAD-EL-NJUMI AFTER THE FIGHT
FROM A SKETCH ON THE FIELD BY A BRITISH OFFICER



Black Rock
This was held by 200 British Riflemen and Sappers,
with Batteries.

Black Rock
Held by 300 British Sappers and Sappers.

Enemy's Baggage and Reserve

Black Rock
Held by 400 British

1st Battalion advancing firing

1st Battalion advancing firing

13th Battalion in line advancing firing

10th Battalion in line advancing firing

9th Battalion
Receiving Enemy's Charge in Line

THE DEFEAT OF THE DERVISHES—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FIGHT OUTSIDE TOSKI ON AUGUST 3

The Rock in the middle was the central position of the Dervishes. The flags were of white, blue, and red silk, with the Mahdi's name on each. Five hundred dead bodies were found behind this rock.

FROM SKETCHES ON THE FIELD BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Elizabethan buildings have been erected, with overhanging balconies and oriel windows, from which hang wrought-iron sign brackets and banners, interspersed with festoons of flowers. The ground floor is occupied by shops with appropriate signs, displaying quotations from the poets. What was formerly the proscenium opening is now masked by an immense arch representing a town gate of the Edwardian period, furnished complete with portcullis, and "banners hung upon the outer wall." Through the arch is seen a manor house, nestling among overhanging trees, in a park, with a wall and entrance-gate. A church, containing an organ, a clock tower, and an old galleried inn, are also prominent features in the design. The orchestra, accommodating 100 performers, is built of rock work, in which ferns and rushes are planted among trickling waters. The audience form part of the picture, the boxes representing small rooms, with latticed casements, and the ladies' faces looking out from these have a particularly charming effect. These novel decorations have been tastefully carried out by Messrs. Shoolbred, from designs by Messrs. J. R. and J. Brown, the former of whom is a member of our artistic staff.

THE BATTLE OF TOSKI

WE have already described the main features of General Grenfell's crowning victory over the Dervishes which he gained at Toski on August 3rd, and now need only say that on reconnoitring the enemy's camp at daybreak, the General found Wad-el-N'jumi just leaving his camp. As his fighting men came bravely to the attack, General Grenfell gradually retired northwards, the Dervishes keeping up a well-directed fire, and our troops taking up successive positions on the ridges of the hills, whence dismounted men of the cavalry and camel corps maintained an incessant fire. Having thus drawn back the enemy to within three miles of Toski, step by step, the infantry battalions, under Colonel Wodehouse, and the Egyptian artillery, under Major Rundle, were ordered up. The latter at once opened fire, while the infantry advanced with the greatest steadiness, taking up position after position, and driving the enemy before them. "At every point," writes the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "they had to confront a gallant resistance from the Dervishes, who showed a splendid resolution, and retreated only when their heavy losses forced them to give way." After a while the whole Egyptian line was ordered to advance—the Cavalry being on the right, and the Infantry on the left—and from this time the issue was no longer doubtful. The Dervishes, however, fought most stubbornly, dashed forward again and again, and charged the advancing columns from their positions on the hills, but with no effect, being literally mown down by the volleys of the Soudanese. The three hills shown in our engraving were the scene of a desperate encounter, but the Dervishes were eventually driven from their positions with great slaughter, and retired to the plains below, where they were repeatedly charged by the British and Egyptian Cavalry, who utterly overwhelmed them, and pursued the remnant of Dervishes for some three miles. It was at this time that many of the Emirs were killed. "Wad-el-N'jumi himself was wounded," our artist writes, "during the first part of the battle, and his horse was shot. He was carried away by his escort and placed on a camel, but was shot through the heart during the retreat. His escort, some ten in number, died round his body. One of them was quite white, and there was a small child amongst the party." Our loss was seventeen killed and 131 wounded; that of the enemy amounted to 1,500 killed, while a thousand prisoners were taken. The total strength of the enemy was estimated at 3,000. Our force was somewhat superior, as, apart from the British regiments, the Egyptian and Soudanese troops amounted to 4,500. Of these the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 13th battalions were formed of the well-trained Soudanese, the 1st and 2nd battalions being Lower Egyptians and Fellahs, who have now proved to be brave and trusty troops under fire. The Egyptian Horse Artillery were also highly praised by Sir Francis Grenfell—but it should be mentioned that all the battalions were officered by Englishmen.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WALES

BY the time these lines appear in print the Queen's visit to Wales will have begun. No better place could have been found for her temporary sojourn than Palé Hall, the residence of Mr. Henry Beyer Robertson, son of the late Mr. Henry Robertson, M.P., the celebrated Scotch engineer. The house, besides being retired and commodious, has the advantage of being beautifully situated, with the railway close to the lodge gates, ready to transport Her Majesty to some of the finest and most famous scenery in the kingdom. And where the railway does not go, there are excellent roads, so that, if only the weather be propitious, the Queen, with her love of mountain scenery and keen appreciation of natural beauty, will carry away many delightful impressions of a part of the kingdom of which she has hitherto seen but little.

Palé, pronounced Pal-é, is the Welsh for "outlets," and the mansion, which is built of grey sandstone, is admirably placed near the outlet of the Dee from Bala Lake. The mansion is sheltered from the north and east winds by the lofty hills with their richly-wooded slopes running down to the banks of the Dee, whose silver thread may be seen for many miles along the valley. A mile away, nestling in the trees at the foot of the hills, is the pretty little village of Llanderfel, with its ancient church. Palé is nine miles from Corwen, and four from Bala. A walk of two miles along the road on the north-west side of the Vale of Llangollen leads to Llantysilio church, which stands in a secluded, well-wooded vale, forming one of the sweetest spots in the district. At Berwyn Station, a chain-bridge crosses the river, which flows over a stony bed beneath high banks of wood and rock, and all around are hills clothed with trees, dividing the district into a number of pretty little vales. On the high ground above the Chain Bridge Inn stands the mansion of Bryntysilio, the summer residence of Sir Theodore Martin, the translator of Goethe, Horace, and Catullus, the associate of Professor Aytoun in the "Bon Gualtier Ballads," and the author of the "Life of the Prince Consort." His wife, Lady Martin, is more popularly known as Miss Helen Faucit, the celebrated actress.—Our engravings are from photographs by Messrs. Lettsome and Sons, Llangollen.

MISS COLENZO

MISS HARRIETTE EMILY COLENZO is the eldest daughter of the late Bishop Colenso. She was born on June 30th, 1847, and accompanied him to Natal. She was never separated from him, indeed, up to the time of his death, except during the three or four months occupied by his visit to England on behalf of Langalibalele, and from the time when he began to champion the cause of the ill-used Zulus she was his right hand, and acted as his private secretary. When he died in June, 1883, she felt it her duty to carry on his work, and she has never flagged in the enterprise. She has kept alive the Bishopstowe Mission that he started, including the printing press which he established for the issuing of books and pamphlets in the native language. When Bishopstowe was burnt down by a prairie fire in 1884, she, with her mother and sister, had to take refuge in some neighbouring farm buildings. The printing press, rescued from the ruins, was again set up, and it has since been largely used. Miss Colenso is best known, outside the mission circle, however, for her zealous advocacy of the rights of the people in Zululand who have been the sport of English and Colonial misrule. All through the past five years, during the troubles following on Cetewayo's death and the squabbles over his shattered kingdom

and disorganised people, Sir Arthur Havelock's transference of a portion of the country to the Boers, and the subsequent management of the residue as a Crown colony, she has maintained a vigorous correspondence with the authorities, and to her, as to her father before, the natives have looked for advice and sympathy. She rendered herself personally responsible for the heavy expenses, exceeding 3,000*l.*, incurred in defending Dinizulu, Cetewayo's son, and the other Zulu chiefs, during the trials at Etshowe, which extended from November, 1888, till last April, through all which time, as well as since, she resided among her unhappy clients, in order to render them all the assistance in her power. No one who is privy to receive letters from Miss Colenso can fail to be struck by the generous intelligence and enthusiasm with which she devotes herself to the heroic work she has undertaken. It is to aid her in this work, to lighten her pecuniary burdens, and to urge the authorities in England to listen to her and the now imprisoned Zulus' appeal for just treatment and an impartial investigation of their grounds of complaint and the allegations against them, that a Zulu Defence Fund Committee has been started, with offices at Broadway Chambers, Westminster.

Our portrait is from a photograph by C. J. Aldham, Grahamstown, South Africa.

MR. H. P. LE MESURIER

HENRY PEVERIL LE MESURIER, the eldest son of Benjamin Le Mesurier, hereditary Governor of Alderney, and Emma Dorothy, daughter and co-heiress of Janet Peveril Johnson, of Wallington's Park, Berks, was born at St. Martin's, Guernsey, in 1828, and educated at the Rev. Philip Hayes's and at Elizabeth College. He served an apprenticeship to Richard Grantham, C.E., and in 1851 he was employed on the staff of Messrs. Jackson and Bean, proceeding to India two years later, where he was actively engaged in engineering work during a period of twenty-four years. Mr. Le Mesurier filled many responsible positions in India, holding, amongst others, those of Engineer on the staff of the East Indian Railway Company, Acting Chief Engineer for the North-Western Provinces, and Chief Engineer of the Jubbulpore Railway. He was a member of the Saugor Barrack Committee, and the Bombay Port Trust, while the construction of the railway from Lahore to Pindee, and the Attock Tunnel and Crossing, are among his works. The name of Henry Peveril Le Mesurier will be always gratefully remembered in India for the very signal services he rendered during the Mutiny whilst acting as Garrison Engineer at Ferozepore. It was mainly owing to his promptness, ability, and calmness of character under circumstances of exceptional difficulty that the powder magazine in that fort was saved from destruction—"the only gunpowder between Calcutta and Kurrachee," in reference to which the Punjab Government wrote to the Brigadier Commanding, General Innes: "If this powder is lost, India is lost."

The value of Mr. Le Mesurier's services was fully recognised by the Egyptian Government, who, in 1877, appointed him to be a member of the Board of Railway Administration in Egypt.

For his services during the Indian Mutiny Mr. Le Mesurier had conferred upon him the dignity of the Companion of the Star of India. He was also a M.I.C.E., F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., and a Fellow of the University of Bombay.

In 1887 he paid a visit to Guernsey to recruit his health, and it was during this visit that he was smitten with paralysis. On the 30th of November of the same year he removed to England, and on the 23rd of July last he was seized with a second attack of paralysis, which resulted in his death on the 30th of that month. He was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 229.

PANTHER SHOOTING IN INDIA

THE panther, unlike the tiger, is not fond of facing the human race, and, though he will show fight when brought fairly to bay, prefers to display a clean pair of heels when he sights his biped enemy. He does not, however, entertain this aversion towards the flocks and herds of the villagers in his neighbourhood, and frequently commits serious depredations in that direction, so that the Sahib in search of big game is a welcome visitor to the district where "Spots" is known to have taken up his abode.—Our illustrations, which show some incidents of a successful panther stalk, need no further explanation than their titles afford, and we need only mention that they are from sketches by the late Mr. R. P. Wyley.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY GRADUATION CEREMONIAL

LONG before the doors were opened, the entrance of the United Presbyterian Hall, Castle Terrace, was besieged by an anxious crowd, those entitled to reserved seats having already been let in by a back-door. Every one was trying to make out friends, and for a full quarter-of-an-hour a good deal of flirting was done. Then the young Academicians had to get into rank, and their red, blue, or white hoods were assorted on their respective benches. The mace was carried in state, and the professors filed into their seats on the raised platform. At 10 A.M. the proceedings opened with prayer, which was brief, and suitable to the function. First, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on various celebrities, and then followed the ordinary degrees in Medicine, Science, and Art, the most numerous of which were those in Medicine, amounting to close on 200. The process of what is known as "capping" took time, as each graduate is called up—not for the laying-on of hands, but to receive with a cap of wisdom the Doctor's, Master's, or Bachelor's degree. This done, the Professor of Anatomy delivered an eloquent address, full of excellent advice to the newly-made graduates. It may be observed that during the "capping" scene some men were greeted with exceptional applause, no doubt because of some distinction achieved either on the college-benches, on the cricket-field, or at lawn-tennis; or, possibly, because they were assiduous dancers and frequenters of afternoon teas. Or perhaps they were cheered because, owing to a combination of good qualities, they had endeared themselves both to the ladies and to their fellow-students.

THIRTY MILES RACE AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

THE above description of race is a very popular one in California. The conditions usually are that each contestant is allowed six horses, one man to catch, another to hold, and as many as he pleases to lead and look after the horses that are not running. Further, he has to dismount at the end of every mile, and mount another horse.

The race depicted in our illustration took place on January 2nd of this year, and was between a negro, Henry Peppers, and a Mexican, Alfredo Garcia.

The negro weighed about 10 st. 10 lbs., the Mexican was somewhat lighter.

The negro had the better horses, his lot consisting of five thoroughbreds, Albert C., Cannon Ball (own brothers to Lucky B., a famous long-distance horse), Consuelo, Telephone, and an unnamed one; and a half-bred horse, Jack the Ripper.

The Mexican's were all half-bred horses. They kept well together for the first ten miles, after which the thoroughbred blood began to

tell, and the negro eventually won easily by over half-a-mile, in the good time of 1 h. 5 min. 29½ sec., which he could have considerably reduced if he had been hard-pressed.

In our illustration the negro has just mounted Telephone (his horse afterwards won a race during the meeting that was in progress), his holder is gazing after him, and his catcher leading Jack the Ripper; the Mexican is on the point of mounting.

The race is always ridden in Mexican saddles; the rider jumps off his horse while in motion, runs forward about ten yards, and with the help of the horn of the saddle, jumps clear off the ground mounted horse by the bridle. The course (or track as it is called in America) is elliptical in shape, and a mile round.

It was noticeable and peculiar that the thoroughbred horses were more easily handled than the others that had been used, stopping short and starting quickly.

The time made was the fastest on record. Each horse went six miles.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. G. L. Waring.

PRINCE ALEXANDER AND HIS TROOPS CROSSING THE SERVIAN FRONTIER

This picture, by M. Antoine Piotrowski, represents one of the chief events of the Servo-Bulgarian War of 1885. Prince Alexander, having succeeded in driving the Servians from all the heights in the Dragoman Pass, closely pursued the retreating enemy until, on November 24th, when a sharp action having been fought the preceding day, he forced the Servians across the frontier, where the Bulgarian outposts were at once established. Prince Alexander is said to have displayed considerable military and tactical skill. He took advantage of every blunder of the enemy, and himself led his troops, who showed great bravery, breaking the Servian ranks with desperate bayonet charges. M. Piotrowski has painted this picture, together with others representing the leading incidents of the campaign, for Prince Alexander's private collection, and the Prince is fortunate in having secured the services not merely of a clever artist in military subjects, but of one who was an active eye-witness of the events. M. Piotrowski has also painted other pictures for the Grand Duke of Hesse and the National Bulgarian collection, and contributed numerous sketches to these pages as our special artist with the Bulgarians during the campaign—which, had it not been for the "Stand back" order of the Austrian Emperor, would have ended in humiliating terms being dictated to King Milan, at Nisch, and possibly the eventual overthrow of the Servian kingdom.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT BERLIN

THE Emperor of Austria paid the Emperor of Germany a return visit at Berlin last week—arriving at the railway station on Monday afternoon. As the Imperial train drew up at the platform the Guard of Honour presented arms, and the military band played the Austrian National Anthem. Emperor William warmly welcomed his guest, and after the Guard of Honour had marched past the Austrian monarch greeted the Royal Princes and shook hands with Prince Bismarck. The two Emperors then entered a four-horsed open carriage, and drove to the Castle—the route being lined with the troops of the Imperial Guard—being enthusiastically cheered by the crowds of spectators who thronged the windows and footways. At the Castle the Emperor Francis Joseph was welcomed at the head of the staircase by the Empress and the Dowager Empress Augusta.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

AFTER the magnificent spectacular display of August 5th, it was rumoured that the Admirals were eager to be up and doing, and that the Fleet would possibly weigh anchor at dawn on the following day. And sure enough, on the Tuesday, there was an appearance of bustle and activity all down the triple line of ships. Signals were displayed, bugles were sounded, Blue-jackets and Marines were engaged in shortening cables, and hoisting steam pinnaces on board. In short, every sign was given that the great fleet was getting up steam, and our artist has sketched an incident in this connection in his picture of "Unmooring at Spithead." A companion sketch shows "The Cooks at the Galley," where the sailors are represented fetching their tea. The kitchens on board a modern man-of-war possess a far more elaborate and complex set of culinary implements than was the case in the days of Benbow or Nelson, and it is to be hoped that, both for officers and crew, they turn out more appetising repasts than the salt junk and the plum duff of that remote era.

Even the enthusiastic author of "The Sea, The Sea, The Open Sea!" would scarcely have desired to be on board of a torpedo-boat when the briny element was in an irritable and agitated condition. Wind and tide were meeting one another when the torpedo-boat fleet steamed down the Channel, with the usual accompaniment of a chopping sea, and the vessels in question justified their reputation as wet and uncomfortable craft, the spray dashing over them in clouds. These few words of introduction will serve to usher in a series of sketches in Dale Roads, Milford Haven, on board of torpedo-boat No. 60, commanded by Lieutenant de Chair, the man who, during the Egyptian campaign, was captured by Arabi Pasha and taken to Cairo. In the first sketch we are shown the lowering of a Hotchkiss gun from the parent ship *Conqueror* on to this, her attendant torpedo-boat. In the next two sketches we see the shipping of the Whitehead torpedo, and the torpedo going through the water. There is a calcium light in the torpedo's head, which takes fire on touching the water, and enables the sailors to follow and recover the torpedo. The dinghy is shown engaged in this operation. The last sketch exhibits the Whitehead torpedo being discharged from the tube. The drawing was made just as it fell into the water, causing a terrific splash. Our artist stood too near, and got a ducking. The standing man is Lieutenant de Chair.

"THE CAUCASUS"

See pp. *et seqq.*

SKETCHES AT A JAMAICA TOBACCO FACTORY

AND

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VII.

See page 248.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY grows apace, whilst waiting for its new and permanent home. The collection now numbers 879 works, including fourteen fresh donations and seven purchases during the year ending in June. Amongst the most interesting of these gifts are portraits of the Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden; of the great Duke of Marlborough's daughter, the Countess of Sutherland, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller; two likenesses of Mary Queen of Scots by Janet, and Mr. Oulless's picture of John Bright. Portraits of two faithful adherents of Charles II.—Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, and Chiffinch, the King's page—were bought by the Gallery, together with Kneller's paintings of Lord Maclesfield, Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, and Clarendon's second son, Laurence, Earl of Rochester, and the historical group by the deaf and dumb artist Ferrers, representing the Court of Chancery, in Westminster Hall, during the reign of George I. The National Portrait Gallery has now been open four years at Bethnal Green, having been removed from South Kensington in 1885.



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, speaking at Kirkham, near Preston, said that the Government is as strong now as it was three years ago, and had the approval of the nation for its policy. We have peace abroad and prosperous trade at home. The demand of agriculturists for a Minister of Agriculture has been granted, and there had been other great administrative reforms, proving that they were not allowed to block the way.

SIR ARTHUR HAVELOCK, Governor of Natal, succeeds Sir A. Hamilton Gordon as Governor of Ceylon, and is himself succeeded in Natal by Sir Charles B. H. Mitchell. In view of the impending retirement of Sir F. Napier Broome, Governor of Western Australia, Sir William C. F. Robinson, late Governor of South Australia, has been appointed to succeed him.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, who has been visiting Ireland, on being presented with a congratulatory address by the tenants on the Killyleagh estate, said that during his visit to Clandeboy (his seat in Ulster) he had observed on every side most unmistakeable marks of increased prosperity in the country and of the general welfare of the inhabitants. There was no centre of population, no district, which had not shared in the satisfactory change, and he hoped that they were now on the threshold of an increased prosperity for all classes.

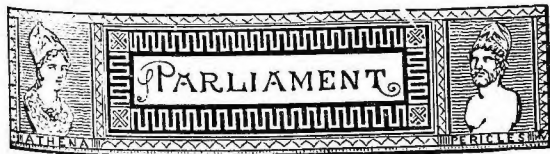
GENERAL BOULANGER received on Sunday an address from French residents in London protesting against the sentence passed on him by the French Senate. In reply the General defended his proceedings when Minister of War, and said that if, instead of having his political enemies set over him as judges, he had been cited to appear before a Court of Appeal or a Council of War, he would have taken the first steamer for France.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—The second division of the Artillery Volunteers began work at Shoeburyness on Monday, in very unfavourable weather. Of the four prizes in the competition with the 40-pounder Armstrong at 1,600 yards, the first was won by the Third Hants (Southampton), 5th detachment; the second by the Second Sussex (Ore); the third by the First North York (South Stockton); the fourth by the North detachment. In the Repository Competition, the Second Kent won the first prize for this week, and the Second Durham the badges for the best of the two weeks.—The Commander-in-Chief has given instructions to the effect that the employment of Volunteers to keep the ground at inspections or public ceremonies is to be discouraged, unless in exceptional cases.—In the examination in Army signalling, recently made of squads from several of the Metropolitan Volunteer Corps, the highest figures of merit were attained by the Second Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers and the First Volunteer Battalion Queen's Royal West Surrey (Croydon).

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT took place, on Monday night, on the North Eastern Railway, at Ryhope Station, about three miles from Sunderland. The express train from Leeds to Newcastle was traversing curves at such a speed that more than one of the passengers predicted the catastrophe which occurred at a curve just past Ryhope, when the locomotive went off the rails and turned over. A similar disaster very soon befell the eight railway carriages behind, which were well filled with passengers, who were thrown in a heap on the side next the ground. A scene of great confusion ensued. The villagers, soon reinforced by railway helpers from Sunderland, rushed to extricate the passengers from the wreckage. Only one life, that of a child, was found to have been lost, but many of the passengers were injured, some of them very severely.

MISCELLANEOUS.—All the dock-labourers at the East End of London, and as far as Tilbury, some 30,000 in number, struck, on being refused a demand for an extra penny an hour. Several vessels are in consequence detained in dock. At a mass-meeting of the men on Tuesday Mr. John Burns presided, and, with other speakers, encouraged them to persevere.—H.M.S. *Sultan* was reported aloft on Tuesday, when she proceeded to Malta.—In response to Mrs. Henry Fawcett's appeal, 186*l*. has been received at the London office of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association for Miss Creagh, of County Clare, whose sad case was previously referred to in this column.—The Duke of Westminster having on Sunday last, for the second time this season, opened Grosvenor House for the inspection of his magnificent gallery, 3,000 persons visited it.—At the end of the month the remains of General Paoli, the Corsican hero, Dr. Johnson's friend and Boswell's idol, will be exhumed at the St. Pancras Cemetery, where he was buried in 1807, and removed to Corsica, accompanied by a deputation from the Council-General of the island, who are soon to arrive in London.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her ninetyeth year, of the Dowager Viscountess Combermere, widow of Field-Marshal Combermere, and authoress of the well-known work, "Our Peculiarities;" of the Lady Marjoribanks of Ladykirk; of Lady Ferguson Davie; in his eighty-ninth year, of Sir James Watson; of Lieutenant-General Henry E. Weare (who, however, has since contradicted the report of his death), who, entering the army in 1841, saw a great deal of active service, was severely wounded at the Battle of the Alma, became Assistant-Quartermaster-General during the siege of Sebastopol, and afterwards distinguished himself highly during the New Zealand Wars, 1863-6; of Major Graham, one of the last surviving officers serving with the 17th (the Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers in the Crimea, who afterwards distinguished himself in the Indian Mutiny campaigns; and, in his seventy-second year, of Dr. Thomas F. Chambers, honorary physician to the Prince of Wales, and senior consulting physician to the Lock Hospital, author of several medical works.



FRIDAY in last week saw the hapless Tithes Bill finally withdrawn amid a chorus of satisfaction, less loud on the Conservative side only for decency's sake. There has been no secret from the first that the Bill was generally undesired. It did not fully please any section of the party, and deeply displeased some habitually concerned with the question. The climax was reached when, at the last moment, Mr. Smith, having under compulsion abandoned the measure, Sir William Harcourt appeared upon the scene as its chief mourner. The Government could not be accused of hampering the prospects of the question by any stubborn adherence to a particular method of settling it. In the first instance they had brought in a Bill leaving the liability of Tithes upon the occupier, and giving the tithe-owner the privilege of suing for arrears in the County Court as if it were an ordinary debt. This not proving acceptable, and the Government being plainly threatened with defeat in the Division Lobby if they persisted in their Bill, they turned right about, and proposed that not the occupier, but the landowner should be the party sued for tithe. The Bill was defeated on a

technical point, the Speaker ruling that the Amendments placed on the paper by the Attorney-General had so essentially altered the measure, that it was necessary to bring in a new Bill. Mr. Smith plaintively protested that it was impossible to bring in a new Bill at this period of the Session, and so the measure was withdrawn, Sir William Harcourt weeping bitter tears over its demise, such (it was privately observed) as the crocodile weeps.

The Tithes Bill finally out of the way, the horizon lightened, and the long-delayed Prorogation came within measurable distance. Undeterred by experience gained in connection with the Tithes Bill, the Government, on Monday, resolved, at all hazards, to press forward another measure hotly disputed. This was the Irish Light Railways Bill, a measure that has proved a little embarrassing to Mr. Parnell's party. Its main proposition is to place at the disposal of persons willing to make light railways in Ireland a sum of 600,000*l.* drawn from the Imperial Exchequer. This was a pleasant proposal for the ear of Irish representatives. But the Parnellites are pledged to hold no traffic with Mr. Balfour, and it was Mr. Balfour's hand that proffered the well-filled purse. Mr. Parnell escaped from the difficulty in a characteristic manner. He diligently stayed away during the discussion of the Bill. The great majority of the party remained behind, and, whilst abstaining from supporting the measure by speech, were exceedingly careful to see it was not defeated in the Division Lobby. Half a dozen, prominently including Mr. Biggar, enjoyed the cheap gratification of opposing the measure, quite safe in the knowledge that their few votes could not turn the scale one way or the other. That being so, they experienced the double satisfaction of opposing Mr. Balfour and tapping the Imperial Treasury for Irish local purposes to the tune of over half a million sterling.

The real fight was kept up by some forty Radicals, led by Mr. Storey. These having had a preliminary tussle in the Grand Committee with the Chairman, renewed the fight in the Commons. Mr. Smith had taken the precaution at the opening of the sitting on Monday to move the Suspension of the Standing Order which closes debate at midnight. Thus the struggle went on till two o'clock in the morning, sixteen or seventeen divisions having taken place. As every division, more especially when parties are unequally divided, takes close upon a quarter of an hour for its accomplishment, it would appear that on this particular night four hours were occupied by members in passing through the division lobbies. Sir Richard Temple, who took part in every division, assuming that progress on the course did not exceed two miles an hour, estimates that he walked eight miles in support of Her Majesty's Government. Before the House rose the Bill had not only passed the Report stage, but was read a third time, and will be added to the Statute Book before the Prorogation.

In these last days of the Session Foreign Affairs, long conspicuous by their absence, suddenly came to the front. Mr. Labouchere, pausing for a moment in his holiday-flight, drew attention to the fact, sharply noticed in Paris, that Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires and the Military Attachés at Berlin were present at a dinner given by the officers of a German regiment which had taken a prominent part in the fight at Mars la Tour. Every year on the anniversary of that desperate fight the officers meet, dine together, and doubtless talk exultantly of the memorable fray. This year, by exception, the dinner was attended by representatives of Great Britain, and the French, ever sensitive in matters relating to the great war, bubbled up in frenzy. Sir James Fergusson gave a very matter-of-fact explanation of the circumstance. The particular regiment in question is the one of which the German Emperor, during his recent visit to Osborne, gravely made his Royal grandmother colonel. The regiment is now known as "The Queen of England's," and, whatever the French might think, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs held that the presence of the English officials was in the circumstances a natural and graceful act.

The other matter to which the watchful member for Northampton
recurred also had reference to the German Emperor's visit. Mr.
Labouchere wanted to know whether it was true, as stated in a well-
known German paper, that an undertaking was arrived at by
Osborne assuring an identity of policy between England and the
Powers forming the Triple Alliance. "Pure conjecture," Sir James
Fergusson replied, members noting that this way of putting it did
not necessarily involve a contradiction of the fact. Sir James fell
back upon an answer delivered by him upon a similar question
being put three weeks ago. He said now what he had said then,
that, in the event of war breaking out, the action of Her Majesty's
Government would be controlled, as in all other questions of policy,
by the circumstances of the time and the interests of the country—a
neatly-constructed commonplace which left matters very much as
they were before Mr. Labouchere endeavoured to probe them to the
bottom.

Through the remainder of the week the House has been daily and nightly engaged upon Committee of Supply, with which it has made fair progress. Effort is concentrated upon the endeavour to complete Supply to-morrow (Saturday); in which case the Appropriation Bill may be brought in, and, working its ordered pace through successive stages, lead to the Prorogation with the close of next week. The Irish Votes, postponed from time to time with the concurrence of the Irish members, have appropriated the lion's share of the week's sittings. But the proceedings have been lacking in that fire and fury which mark them in ordinary times. It is impossible even for Mr. Tim Healy to create a whirlwind in the third week of August, with the House empty of listeners, and the certainty of a substantial Ministerial majority kept in hand within sound of the division bell. There has been no reality in the fight, which has, nevertheless, been laboriously maintained.

THE SUNDAY OPENING OF GROSVENOR HOUSE has aroused great interest among Londoners. Two thousand persons were again admitted last Sunday through tickets from the National Sunday League; but nearly as many applications were refused for want of room. Accordingly, the Duke of Westminster has been asked to open his collection on a third Sunday.

THE BRITISH EXPLORERS LOST IN THE CAUCASUS last August, Messrs. Donkin and Fox, have been effectually traced by an Alpine Club search-party, including the President, Mr. Clinton Dent, and Mr. Douglas Freshfield, to whom the district is well known. Four practised Swiss guides also joined the Expedition. The last news of the missing Englishmen showed that they had started up the Ullue the glacier towards the mountain marked Dych Tau on the Russian official map. The search-party followed their supposed route, and came straight upon the lost men's sleeping-place, a circle enclosed by a low wall of stones, and built on a ledge overhanging a great cliff. A cooking-pan, a knapsack with provisions, and a revolver lay about the bivouac, besides the sleeping-bags and waterproof coats belonging to the explorers and their two guides, which were so frozen into the ground that they were only dug out by three hours' work. Evidently Messrs. Donkin and Fox started thence in light marching order to ascend Dych Tau, 3,000 ft. above, over a formidable ridge which would entail a considerable *détour* along the southern face. The fatal fall probably occurred on their return, there being nothing to arrest their descent till they reached the great *bergschrand* at the foot of the slope. No further traces, however, could be found, but the search proved that the unfortunate explorers must have succumbed to a fall, and not to violence from the natives, as was occasionally rumoured. No native, says Mr. Dent, could have reached the bivouac, which is only accessible to trained mountaineers.



THE BELGIAN EXHIBITION in London next year will open on April 15th. The Belgian Government have promised 20,000*l.* towards the expenses, and will allow all exhibits to be transported free by land and water.

THE NATIONAL ARMADA MEMORIAL on Plymouth Hoe, is to be completed in sections, as funds permit. A Hampstead sculptor has been chosen to execute the statues and bronze reliefs. Altogether the monument will be sixty feet high.

SWITZERLAND WANTS A NAVAL FLAG. As the country has no seaboard such an ensign would at first sight seem rather useless, but it is needed to protect Swiss property abroad or in the colonies. The Federal Council are now considering the subject.

THE TOURIST SEASON IN SWITZERLAND is officially estimated to bring in an annual profit of 528,000*l.* to the hotel-keepers alone. There are now 1,000 hotels in Switzerland, which make up 58,000 beds, and employ 16,000 persons as managers, servants, drivers, &c.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILL PRESENT THE QUEEN with his bust, in memory of his recent visit to England. The bust is now being executed, and represents Emperor William in the uniform of the Prussian Body Guards. He wears his helmet, instead of being bareheaded, as in all previous likenesses.

A "THEATROPHONE" is shortly to be placed on the Paris Boulevards, and has already been shown to Mr. Edison during his visit to the Exhibition. It is an adaptation of the telephone, by which any one can be put into communication with a certain theatre, and listen to the performance for five minutes on paying the modest sum of 5*d.*

THE PERKY BRITISH SPARROW so thoroughly holds its own across the Atlantic that it can even worst an alligator. Some visitors at Darien, Florida, saw a large alligator snap at a passing sparrow when the bird, nothing daunted, flew straight at his adversary's eyes, and pecked with such vigour and precision that the reptile promptly retired under water to get out of the way.

THE EIFFEL TOWER IS TO BE TOTALLY ECLIPSED at the great American World's Fair of 1892, if a Washington architect can get his plans accepted. He wants to build a tower 1,500 feet high—500 feet above the Paris Eiffel—which should stand in the centre of a huge rotunda, surrounded by forty-eight iron buildings for the different departments of the Exhibition.

SHAKESPEARE will be well represented on the Parisian stage next winter. A French version of *The Merchant of Venice*, by M. Haraucourt, will be brought out as *Skylock* at the Odéon, no translation of the piece having ever been played in France. *Beaucoup de Bruit pour Rien* will follow—the Gallic edition of *Much Ado About Nothing*—and an adaptation of *Twelfth Night*,—*Conte d'Avril*.

RIGID SABBATARIANS OUGHT TO GO TO SERBIA. The Metropolitan Michael has succeeded in getting a law passed by which every kind of business is strictly prohibited on Sundays, and on all Holy Days of the Orthodox Church. Thus trade is stopped on 180 days in the year, and a tradesman recently caught infringing the law by selling a pennyworth of rice on a Church holiday was fined 4*l*.

THE FRESH-WATER JELLY FISH, which usually appear every summer in the warm water-tank of the Victoria Regia, at the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, are unaccountably absent this year. They came from Brazil ten years ago, with the *Pontederia azurea*, and were greatly interested naturalists, as none but salt-water medusæ had been known previously. These specimens, however, perished immediately in salt-water.

THE FAMOUS ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA narrowly escaped destruction on Saturday from a tremendous hurricane, which did enormous damage in the space of half-a-minute. The Alhambra gardens are a mass of fallen trees and uprooted shrubs, hundreds of splendid old trees being torn up and tossed about. The windows and roof of the Palace suffered, but the building itself is uninjured, although several neighbouring churches lost portions of their spires and roofs, while the town-bull-ring is completely ruined.

THE MARRIAGE of the Princess Sophie of Prussia and the Crown Prince of Greece, at Athens, in October, will be accompanied by elaborate festivities. All Athens and the Piræus will be gaily decorated, and the city will keep holiday for a week. The programme includes a grand review for the benefit of the German Emperor, who escorts the bride, and gala representations of the Greek drama, acted by the best artists.

BAMBOO SPROUTS form one of the greatest Chinese delicacies, and are sold all the year round. There are the "hairy sprouts," and "pencil sprouts" in spring, the "fire-sprouts" in summer, the "horsetail sprouts" in autumn, and the winter sprouts, which are chiefly preserved in salt, and exported. The growers assemble in the summer, and fix the prices, which no vendor dares alter afterwards. The summer sprouts are most esteemed, and the various kinds have fancy names, such as "phoenix tail," "flying clouds," "dragons' grandsons."

GENERAL BOULANGER'S WIFE leads a most retired existence at Versailles with her eldest daughter, Mdlle. Hélène, absorbing herself in religious and charitable work. She never looks at a newspaper, and will not allow the General's name to be mentioned before her, if she can possibly help it. But she could not avoid hearing the verdict of the High Court, and then declared, "I refused to be divorced from my husband, in order that I might preserve a home for him in his old age. I still intend to pursue the same course, as it is not my duty to judge him."

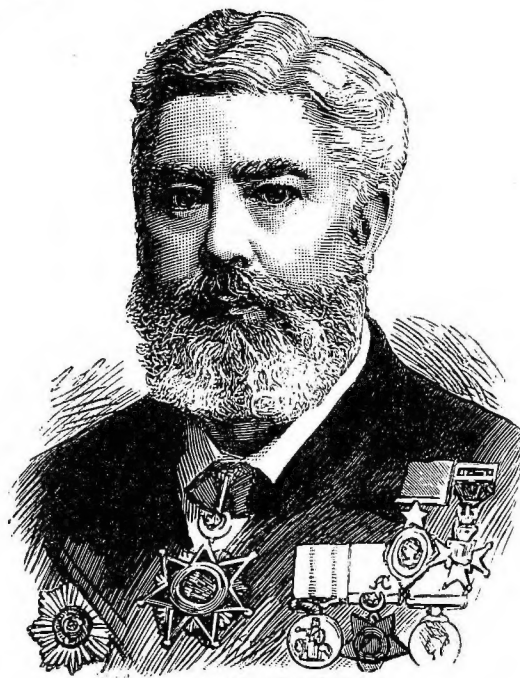
A NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE BLIND, *Santa Lucia*, will be brought out next spring. Two small journals are already printed for their benefit, but the present venture is intended to introduce a wider scope of reading to those educated blind who would be glad to keep pace with the literature of the day. Thus the magazine will contain reprints of high-class literary matter—by the permission of various publishers—besides original articles, political and controversial subjects being carefully avoided. *Santa Lucia* will be printed in Braille type.

NIAGARA FALLS are continually changing shape, owing to the force of the water wearing away the rocky bed. It is almost a misnomer to call the Canadian portion the "Horseshoe Fall," and now so large a section of rock has suddenly given way in the exact centre of the cataract that the alteration is very remarkable. The Americans are always scheming to utilise this vast mass of water, and now a company proposes to tunnel through the rocks to the bed of the river on the Canadian side, and thus secure enough power to furnish light and heat to various points within a radius of forty miles. By the medium of the Falls electric railways would be run to Buffalo and other towns.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, when the deaths numbered 1,382 against 1,365 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 17, but 237 below the average. The death-rate advanced to 16.6 per 1,000. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, of which 45 were attributed to negligence or accident. There were 2,715 births registered—an increase of 535, but 96 below the usual return.



MISS COLENZO
Daughter of the late Bishop of Natal,
and Zealous Advocate of the Claims of the Zulus

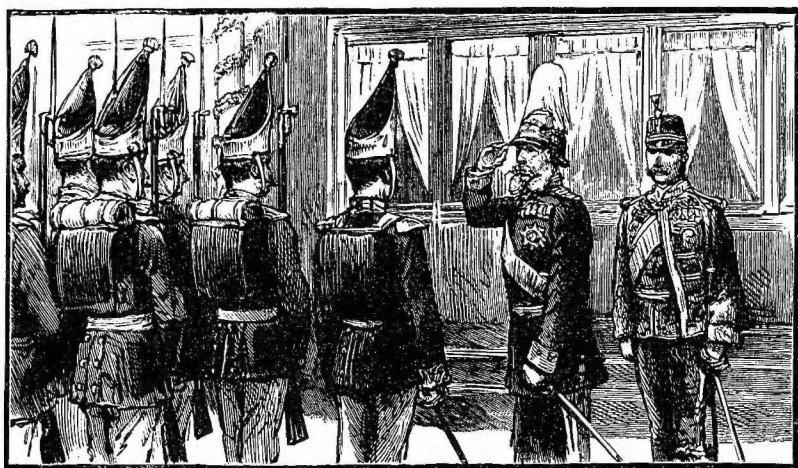


H. P. LE MESURIER
Indian Engineer.
Born 1828. Died July 30, 1889



SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S HOUSE AT BRYNTYSILIO, IN THE VALLEY OF LLANGOLLEN, WHICH THE QUEEN WILL VISIT DURING HER STAY IN NORTH WALES -

RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR AT THE RAILWAY STATION



THE EMPERORS DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE CASTLE

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S VISIT TO BERLIN



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

He held open the door for her.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER VI. A DEPARTURE

THERE was but little sleep for Nina that night. She was sick at heart to think that in return for the unceasing kindness Lionel had shown her since her arrival in England, she should be the means of drawing him into this foolish embroilment. She saw the situation clearly enough. Miss Burgoyne was an exacting, irritable, jealous woman, who had resented Nina's presence in the theatre almost from the beginning, and who had been driven into a sudden fury by the sight of Lionel (he taking no notice of her either) driving past with this interloping foreigner. Moreover, Miss Burgoyne was inordinantly vain: to have the popular young baritone fight a duel on her account—to have their names coupled together in common talk—what greater triumph could she desire than that? But while Miss Burgoyne might be the ostensible cause of the quarrel, Nina knew who was the real cause of it; and again and again she asked herself why she had ever come to England, thus to bring trouble upon her old ally and companion Leo.

And then in that world of visions that lies just outside the realm of sleep—in which great things become small, and small things acquire a fantastic and monstrous importance—she worried and fretted because Lionel had laughingly complained on the previous evening that henceforth there would be no more home-made

lemonade for him. Well, now, if she—that is to say, if Nina—were in her humble way to try what she could do in that direction? It might not be so good as the lemonade that Miss Burgoyne prepared; but perhaps Lionel would be a little generous, and make allowance? She would not challenge any comparison. She and Mrs. Grey between them would do their best; and the result would be sent anonymously to his rooms in Piccadilly; if he chose to accept it—well, it was a timid little something by way of compensation. Nina forgot for the moment that within the next few days an unlucky sword-thrust might suddenly determine Lionel's interest in lemonade as in all other earthly things: these trivial matters grew large in this distorted land of waking dreams: nay, she began to think that if she were to leave England altogether, and go away back to Naples, and perhaps accept an engagement in opera at Malta, then matters would be as before at the New Theatre; and when Lionel and Miss Burgoyne met in the corridor, it would be 'Good-evening, Miss Burgoyne!' and 'Good-evening, Mr. Moore!' just as it used to be. There would be no Italian girl interfering, and bringing dissension and trouble.

But the next morning, when the actual facts of the case were before her clearer vision, she had better reason for becoming anxious, and restless, and miserable. As the day wore on, Mrs. Grey could hardly persuade her to run down to the Crystal Palace for the opening of the Handel Festival, though, as the little widow pointed out, Mr. Moore had procured the tickets for them, and they

were bound to go. Of course, when once they were in the great transept of the Palace, in the presence of this vast assemblage, and listening to the splendid orchestra and a chorus of between three and four thousand voices dealing with the massive and majestic strains of the *Messiah*, the spell of the music fell upon Nina and held absolute sway over her. She got into a curious state of exaltation; she seemed breathless; sometimes, Mrs. Grey thought, she shivered a little with the strain of emotion. And all the time that Mr. Santley was singing 'Why do the nations,' she held her hand tightly over her heart; and when he had finished—when the thrilled multitude broke forth into an extraordinary thunder of enthusiasm—Nina murmured to herself:

"It is—it is like to take my life-blood away."

But when they were in the train again, and on their way up to town, it was evident to her companion that the girl had returned to her anxious fears.

"Mrs. Grey," she said, suddenly, "I speak to Miss Burgoyne to-night."

"Oh, no, don't do that, Miss Nina!" said Mrs. Grey, with much concern; for she knew something of the circumstances of the case. "I hope you won't do that! You might simply make matters worse. Mr. Moore would not have spoken to you if he thought you would interfere, depend upon that. And if Miss Burgoyne is vexed or angry, what good would you do? I hear she has a sharp tongue: don't you try her temper, my dear," the little woman pleaded.

But Nina did not answer these representations; and she was mostly silent and thoughtful all the way to town. When they reached London, they had some tea at the railway-station, and she went on at once to the theatre. She was there early; Miss Burgoyne had not arrived; so Nina lingered about the corridor, listening to Mlle. Girond's pretty chatter, but not hearing very much.

At length the prima donna appeared; and she would have passed Nina without recognition, had not the latter gone forward a step, and said, somewhat timidly—

"Miss Burgoyne!"

"What?" said Miss Burgoyne, stopping short, and regarding the Italian girl with a by no means friendly stare.

"May I have a word with you?" Nina said, with a little hesitation.

"Yes: what is it?" the other demanded, abruptly.

"But—but in private?" Nina said again. "In your room?"

"Oh, very well, come in!" Miss Burgoyne said, with but scant courtesy; and she led the way into her sitting-room; and also intimated to her maid that she might retire into the inner apartment. Then she turned to Nina.

"What is it you want?"

But the crisis found Nina quite unprepared. She had constructed no set speech: she had formulated no demand. For a second or so she stood tongue-tied—tongue-tied and helpless—unable to put her passionate appeal into words: then all of a sudden she said—

"Miss Burgoyne, you will not allow it—this folly! It is madness that they fight about—about nothing! You will not allow it!—what is it to you?—you have enough fame, enough reputation as a prima donna, as a favourite with the public—what more? Why should you wish more—and at such a dreadful risk?"

"Oh, I don't know what you're talking about!" said Miss Burgoyne. "What are you talking about?"

"The duel!" said Nina, breathlessly.

"What duel?"

Nina stared at her.

"Ah, you do not know, then?" she exclaimed.

"What don't I know!" Miss Burgoyne said, impatiently. "What are you talking about! What duel? Is it something in the evening papers? Or have you taken leave of your senses?"

Nina paid no heed to these taunts.

"You do not know, then," she asked, "that—that Mr. Moore is going to fight a duel—with a young gentleman who is your friend? No?—you do not know it?"

It was Miss Burgoyne's turn to stare in amazement.

"Mr. Moore?" she repeated, with her eyes (which were pretty and coquettish enough, though they were not on the same plane) grown wide and wondering. "A friend of mine? And you come to me—as if I had anything to do with it?—Oh, my goodness!" she suddenly exclaimed, and a curious smile of intelligence began to dawn upon her face. "Has that young donkey carried the matter so far as that?"

But she was not displeased: nay, she was rather inclined to laugh.

"Well, that would make a stir, wouldn't it? And how did you find it out?—who told you? A duel? I thought he was talking rather mysteriously yesterday morning—Conrad the Corsair kind of thing—glooms and daggers—so it was a duel he was thinking of? But they are not really going to fight, Miss Ross?" continued Miss Burgoyne, who had grown quite friendly. "You know people can't give up an engagement at a theatre to go and fight a duel: it's only French gentlemen who have no occupation who do that sort of thing. A duel?—a real, actual duel—do you seriously mean it?"

The prospect seemed to afford her great satisfaction, if not even a cause for merriment.

"Miss Burgoyne, you will not permit it!" Nina exclaimed.

"I?" said the other. "What have I to do with it? If two men want to fight, why shouldn't they?" said she, with apparent carelessness.

"Ah, but you know well what you have to do with it," Nina said, with some touch of scorn. "Yes, you pretend; but you know it well. The young man he goes from you yesterday to provoke the duel—you have been talking to him—and yet you pretend. You say, why should they not fight? Then it is nothing to you that one friend or the other friend may be killed?—that is nothing to you?—and you know you can prevent it if you choose? You do not wish to interfere—it will be amusing to read in the papers! Oh, very amusing! And if the one is killed!"

"But you know, Miss Ross, they don't go such lengths nowadays," said Miss Burgoyne, with great good humour. "No, no; it's only honour and glory they go out for; it's only the name of the thing; they don't want to kill each other. Besides, if two men mean to fight, how can a woman interfere? What is she supposed to know of the cause of quarrel? These things are not supposed to be known."

"Then," said Nina, whose lips had grown still more indignant and scornful, "this is what I say: if anything happens, it is your conscience that will speak to you in after time. You wish them to fight, yes, for your vanity to be pleased!—you wish it said that they fight about you! And that is a triumph for you—something in the papers—and you do not care what harm is done if you are talked about! That is your friendship!—what do you care?—any one may be sacrificed to your vanity!"

"I suppose if they were fighting about you you wouldn't say a word against it!" observed Miss Burgoyne, coolly. In fact the vehement reproaches that Nina had addressed to her did not seem to have offended her in the least; for she went on to say, in the best of tempers: "Well, Miss Ross, I have to thank you for bringing me the news. But don't be alarmed: these dreadful duels, even when they get into the newspapers, seldom show much harm done. And in the mean time will you excuse me?—Jane is grumbling in there, I know. Tell me anything you may hear about it by and bye—and meanwhile I am very much obliged to you." So Nina found herself dismissed: neither her piteous appeal nor her indignant protest having had apparently any effect whatever.

But Miss Burgoyne, while transforming herself into *Grace Mainwaring*, had plenty of time to think over this startling position of affairs, and to consider how she could best use it to her own advantage. She had a nimble brain; and it may have occurred to her that there was a notable chance for her to display the splendid magnanimity of her disposition—to overwhelm Mr. Lionel Moore with her forgiveness and her generous intervention on his behalf. At all events, in the first scene in which these two met on the stage, *Harry Thornhill* became instantly aware that the merry and mischievous *Grace Mainwaring* appeared bent on being very friendly towards him—even while she looked curiously at him, as if there was something in her mind. Moreover, she seemed in excellent spirits; there was no perfunctory 'drag' in her give-and-take speeches with the adventurous young gentleman whom fate had thrown in her way. He was very well pleased to find the scene going so well; he sang his share in the parting duet with unusual nerve; she responded with equal animation; the crowded house gave them an enthusiastic recall. But the public could not tell that even in the midst of this artistic triumph, the audacious young lover had his own thoughts in his head; and that he was really saying to himself—'What the mischief is she at now?'

He was to learn later on in the evening. Just as he got dressed for the ball-room scene, a message was brought him that Miss Burgoyne would like to see him for a minute or two as soon as he was

ready. Forthwith he went to her room, tapped at her door, entered, and found himself the sole occupant; but the next moment the curtain concealing the dressing-room was opened about five feet from the ground; and there (the rest of her person being concealed) he beheld the smiling face of *Grace Mainwaring*, with its sparkling eyes, and rouge, and patches, to say nothing of the magnificent white wig with its nodding sprays of brilliants.

"Just a moment, Mr. Moore," said she, "and I shall be with you directly"—and therewith the vision was gone, and the crimson curtains came together again.

Very shortly thereafter the Squire's Daughter came forth in all the splendour of her white satin and pearls; and she lost no time in letting him know why he had been summoned.

"You are a very bloodthirsty man," said she, in accents of grave reproach (though her eyes were not so serious) "and I am ashamed of you that you should think of harming that poor boy; but I am not going to allow it!"

"Why, who told you anything about it?" he said; for he could not pretend not to know what she meant.

"A little bird," she made answer, with much complacency. "And the idea that you should really want to do such a thing!—how many voices like your's are there wandering about in comedy-opera that you should consider you have any right to run such a risk? I don't mean being killed—I mean catching a cold! I suppose you have got to take your coat and waistcoat off—on Calais sands—with a wind blowing in from the sea: that is a nice thing for your chest and throat, isn't it? Well, I'm going to step in and prevent it. I consider you have treated me very badly—pretending you didn't see me, when you were so very particularly engaged; but never mind; I never bear malice; and, as I say, I'm going to step in and prevent this piece of folly."

"Very much obliged, I am sure," he said, politely. "When men propose to fight, it is so extremely pleasant to find a woman appear to throw a protecting arm over them!"

"Oh, I am not going to be repelled by any of your ferocious sentiments," said she, good-naturedly. "I am a friend of both of you—I hope; and I won't have anything of the kind—I tell you, I won't allow it!"

"I'm afraid your intervention has come too late," said he quietly.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Oh, it isn't worth speaking about," said he. "The young gentleman went a little too far—he has got to be taught a lesson, that is all!"

"Oh, listen to him!—listen to his bloodthirstiness!" she exclaimed, in affected horror; and then she suddenly altered her tone. "Come, now, Mr. Moore, you're not seriously going to try to harm that poor boy! He is a very nice boy, as honest and simple-minded as you could wish. And such a pretty boy, too—no, no, it is quite absurd!"

"You are right there," said he. "It is quite absurd. The whole thing is absurd. But it has gone too far."

Here Miss Burgoyne was called.

"Will you leave it in my hands?" she said, leisurely rising from her chair, and tucking up her long train so that she might safely pass into the wings.

"Certainly not," said he. "You have no right to know anything about it. The quarrel was forced upon me; I had no wish to harm your pretty boy; nor have I much now—except in trying to keep myself from being harmed. But that is all over now; and this thing has to be seen through to the end now."

He held open the door for her; and then he accompanied her along the passage, and up the steps, until they were both ready for their entrance on the stage.

"Men are so obstinate," said she, with an air of vexation; "so obstinate and foolish. But I don't care: I'll see if I can't get something done: I won't allow two dear friends of mine to do anything so stupid if I can help it. Why, the idea!—getting into a quarrel with a harmless young fellow like that! You ought to have been kind to him for my sake—for he really is such a dear boy—so simple and good-natured!"

"But where is *Grace*?" said a voice out there in the wide ball-room; and as this was Miss Burgoyne's cue, she tripped lightly on to the stage with her smiling answer—"One kiss, papa, before the guests arrive." And, as it turned out, there was no further opportunity of talk that night between Miss Burgoyne and Mr. Lionel Moore.

But two days thereafter, and just as Lionel was about to go out for his morning ride, the house-porter brought him a card. It was Mr. Percival Miles who was below.

"Ask the gentleman to come up."

Here were the preliminaries of battle, then. Lionel had a vague kind of notion that the fire-eating youth ought not to have appeared in person—that he ought to have been represented by a friend; however, it was not of much consequence. He only hoped that there would be no further altercation or throwing of ink-bottles: otherwise he considered it probable that this interview would terminate in a more English manner than the last.

The young gentleman came in, hat in hand. He was apparently very calm and dignified.

"Mr. Moore," said he, slowly, as if he were repeating words already carefully chosen, "I am about to take an unusual course. I have been asked to do so—I have been constrained to do so—by the one person whose wish in such a matter must be respected. I have come to apologise to you for my conduct of the other day."

"Oh, very well," said Lionel, but somewhat coldly: he did not seem well satisfied that this young man should get off so easily, after his unheard-of insolence. Indeed, Lionel was very much in the position of the irate old Scotchwoman whose toes were trodden upon by a man in a crowd. 'I beg your pardon,' said the culprit. 'Begging my pardon' 'll no dae,' was the retort, 'I'm gaun to gie ye a skelp o' the lug!'

"I hope you will accept my apology," the pale-faced young gentleman continued in the same stiff and embarrassed manner. "I don't know whether it is worth while my offering any excuse for what I did—except that it was done under a misapprehension. The lady in question seemed annoyed—perhaps I mistook the meaning of certain phrases she used—and certainly I must have been entirely in error in guessing as to what she wished me to do. I take the whole blame on myself. I acted hastily—on the spur of the moment; and now I am exceedingly sorry; I ask your pardon."

"Oh, very well," Lionel said, though somewhat ungraciously. "But you see you are getting rather the best of this performance. You come here with a ridiculous cock-and-bull story, you threaten and vapour and kick up mock-heroes, you throw a bottle of ink over a book belonging to a friend of mine—and then you are to get off by saying two or three words of apology!"

"What can I do more?" said the humble penitent. "I have tried to explain. I—I was as ready to fight as you could be; but—but now I obey the person who has the best right to say what shall be done in such an affair. I have made every apology and explanation I could; and I ask your pardon."

"Oh, very well," Lionel said again.

"Will you give me your hand, then?" Mr. Percival Miles asked, and he somewhat timidly advanced a step, with outstretched palm.

"That isn't necessary," said Lionel, making no other response.

The fair-haired young warrior seemed greatly embarrassed. "I—I was told—" he stammered; but Lionel, who was now inclined to laugh, broke in on his confusion.

"Did Miss Burgoyne say you weren't to come away without shaking hands with me—is that it?" he asked, with a smile.

"Y—yes," answered the young gentleman, blushing furiously. "Oh, very well, there's no trouble about that," Lionel said, and he gave him his hand for a second; after which the love-lorn youth in the busy crowd of Piccadilly.

That same afternoon Lionel drove down to Sloane Street. He was always glad to go along and have a friendly little chat about musical affairs with the eagerly enthusiastic Nina; and as this particular evening was exceedingly fine and pleasant, he thought he might induce her to walk in to the theatre, by way of Belgrave Square and the Green Park. But hardly had they left the house when Nina discovered that it was not about professional matters that Lionel wanted to talk to her on this occasion.

"Nina," said he, with befitting solemnity, "I have great news for you. I am saved. Yes, my life has been saved. And by whom, think you? Why, by Miss Burgoyne! Miss Burgoyne is my protecting goddess who has snatched me away in a cloud just as my enemy was about to pin me to the earth with his javelin."

"There is to be no duel, Leo?" she said, quickly.

"There is not," he continued. "Miss Burgoyne has forbidden it. She has come between me and my deadly foe, and held up a protecting hand. I don't know that it is quite a dignified position for me to find myself in; but one must recognise her friendly intentions anyway. And not only that, Nina, but she sent me a bottle of lemonade yesterday! Just think of it: to save your life is something, but to send you lemonade as well—that is almost too much goodness."

Poor Nina! If this careless young man had only looked at the address on the wrapper of the bottle, he could easily have guessed whose was the handwriting—especially recognisable in the foreign-looking *L* and *M*. That timidly-proffered little gift was Nina's humble effort at compensation; and now he was bringing it forward as a proof of Miss Burgoyne's great good-nature! And it was Miss Burgoyne who had intervened to prevent this absurd duel—Miss Burgoyne, who knew nothing at all about it until Nina told her! Nina, as they now walked along towards Constitution Hill, was too proud to make any explanation; only she thought he might have looked at the address on the wrapper.

"Seriously," he said to his companion, "seriously, Nina, she has put me under a very great obligation, and shown herself very magnanimous as well. There is no doubt she was offended with me about something or other; and she had the generosity to put all that aside the moment she found I was embroiled in this stupid affair. And mind you, I'm very glad to be out of it. It would have looked ridiculous in the papers; and everything gets into the papers nowadays. Of course that young idiot had no right to go and tell her about the duel; but I suppose he wanted to figure as a hero in her eyes—poor devil, he seems pretty bad about her. Well, now that her intervention has got me out of this awkward scrape, how am I to show my gratitude to her?—what do you say, Nina?"

But Nina had nothing to say.

"There's one thing I can do for her," he continued. "You know how fond actors and actresses are of titled folks. Well, Miss Burgoyne is going down to Henley Regatta with a lot of other professionals; and I am going too, with another party—Lady Adela Cunyngham has got a house-boat there. Very well, if I can find out where Miss Burgoyne is—and I dare say she will be conspicuous enough, though she's not very tall—I will take Lord Rockminster to pay his respects to her and leave him with her: won't that do? They have already been introduced at the theatre; and if Rockminster doesn't talk much, I have no doubt she will chatter enough for both. And Miss Burgoyne will be quite pleased to have a lord all to herself."

"Leo," said Nina, gently, "do you not think you yourself have too much liking for—for that fine company?"

"Perhaps I have," said he, with perfect good-humour. "What then? Are you going to lecture me too? Is Saul among the prophets? Has Maurice Mangan been coaching you as well?"

"Ah, Leo," said she, "I should wish to see you give it all up—yes—all the popularity—and your fine company—and that you go away back to Pandiani!"

"Pandiani!" he exclaimed. "Here's romance, indeed! You want us both to become students again, and to have the old days at Naples back again!"

"No, no, no!" she said, shaking her head. "It is the future I wish to see. I wish to hear you in grand opera, or in oratorio—I wish to see you a great artist—that is something noble, something ambitious, something to work for day and night. Ah, Leo, when I hear Mr. Santley sing 'Why do the nations'—when I see the thousands and thousands of people sitting entranced, then I say to myself 'There is something grand and noble to speak to all these people—to lift them above themselves: to give them this pure emotion surely that is a great thing—it is high, like religion—it is a purification—it is—' But here she stopped with a little gesture of despair. "No, no, Leo, I cannot tell you—I have not enough English."

"It's all very well," said he, "for you to talk about Santley: but where will you get another voice like his?"

"Leo, you can sing finer music than 'The Starry Night,'" she said. "You have the capacity. Ah, but you enjoy too much; you are petted and spoiled, yes; you have not a great ambition!"

"I'll tell you what I seem to have, though, Nina," said he. "I seem to have a faculty of impressing my friends with the notion that I could do something tremendous if only I tried; whereas I know that this belief of theirs is only a delusion."

"But you do not try, Leo," said this persistent counsellor. "No; your life is too pleasant for you; you have not enthusiasm; why your talk is always *persiflage*—it is the talk of the fashionable world. And you an artist!"

However, at this moment Lionel suddenly discovered that this leisurely stroll was likely to make them late in getting to the theatre; so that perforce they had to leave these peaceful glades of the Green Park and get into Piccadilly, where they jumped into a hansom-cab and were rapidly whirled away eastward.

But if Lionel was to be reproached for his lack of ambition, that was a charge which could not be brought against certain of those fashionable friends of his at whom Nina (in unconscious collusion with Maurice Mangan) seemed inclined to look askance. At the very height of the London season, Lady Adela Cunyngham, and her sisters, Lady Sybil and Lady Rosamund Bourne, had taken the town by storm; and it seemed probable that before they departed for Scotland they would leave quite a trail of glory behind them in the social firmament. The afternoon production of *The Chieftain*, in the gardens of Sir Hugh's house on Campden Hill, had been a most notable festivity, doubtless; but then it was a combination affair: for Miss Georgie LeStrange had shared in the honours of the occasion; moreover, they had professional assistance given them by Mr. Lionel Moore. It was when the three sisters attacked their own particular pursuits that their individual genius shone; and their marked success had attended their separate efforts. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, it is true, had not as yet invited the Colonels of the British Army to recommend the various 'Soldiers' Marching Song' to the band-masters of the various regiments; but in default of that, this composition was performed nightly, as the concluding ceremony at the International Exhibition then open in London; and as the piece was played by the combined

bands of the Royal Marines, with the drums of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, the Highland Pipers of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and the drums of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the result of any composer, professional or amateur, who ever lived. Then not only had Lady Rosamund exhibited a large picture at the Lansdowne Gallery (a decorative work this was, representing the Languish of a slave, with the legend underneath "*Hunc hominem non ita esse volo*") but also the proprietors of an illustrated weekly newspaper had published in their summer number, as a weekly supplement, what she had ventured to call "An all-the-year-round valentine." She had taken the following rhyme (or perhaps some one had found it for her)—

*In these fair Violets of the Veins,
The Verdure of the Spring remains;
Ripe Cherries on thy Lips display
The lustre of the Summer day;
If I for Autumn were to seek,
I'd view the Apples on thy Cheek;
There's nought could give me Pain in thee,
But Winter in thy Heart to see!*

—and she had drawn four pretty little landscapes, which, when reproduced on one sheet by chromo-lithography, looked very neat and elegant; while the fair artist was much gratified to observe her name figuring on the placards at railway-stations, or on the boards in front of stationers' shops, as she drove along Kensington High Street.

But of course the crowning achievement of the gifted family was Lady Adela Cunyngnam's novel. If it was not quite the success of the season, as far as the outer world was concerned, it certainly was the most talked-of book among Lady Adela's own set. Every character in it was identified as somebody or another; and although Lady Adela, as a true artist, maintained that she did not draw individuals but types, she could not stem the tide of this harmless curiosity, and had to submit to the half-humorous inquiries and flattering insinuations of her friends. As for the outer world, if it remained indifferent, that only showed its lack of gratitude; for here, there, and everywhere among the evening and weekly papers (the morning papers were perhaps too busy with politics at the time) attention was drawn to Lady Arthur Castletown's charming and witty romance of modern life. Alp called to Alp, and deep to deep, throughout Satan's invisible world; *Kathleen's Sweethearts* was dragged in (apparently with ten men pushing behind) for casual allusion in "Our Weekly Note-Book"; Lady Arthur's smart sayings were quoted in the gossip attached to this or that monthly magazine; the correspondent of a country journal would hasten to say that it was not necessary to inform his readers that Lady Arthur Castletown was in reality Lady Adela Cunyngnam, the wife of the well-known breeder of polled cattle, Sir George Cunyngnam of the Braes. In the midst of all this Lionel went to his friend Maurice Mangan.

"Look here, Maurice," said he, "that book can't be as bad as you tried to make out."

"It is the most insensate trash that was ever put between boards," was the prompt reply.

"But how can that be? Look at what the papers say!"

"The papers—what papers? That isn't what the papers say—that is what the small band of log-rollers say, calling industriously to each other, like frogs in a pond. Didn't I tell you what would happen if you got hold of Octavius Quirk, or any one of them? How many dinners did your swell friends expend on Quirk?"

"Oh, I don't know. He is pretty often at the house."

"He is pretty often at the house, is he?" Mangan repeated.

"I hope they won't ask him to Scotland," Lionel said, ruefully.

"I can't bear the fellow: it's just as you say, he's always in a whirlwind of insistence—about nothing; and he doesn't grin through a horse-collar, he roars and guffaws through it. But then, you see, he has been very kind about this book; and of course a new author, like Lady Adela, is grateful. I admit what you say is right enough—perhaps the family are a little anxious for notoriety; but so are a good many other people; and there's no great harm in writing or painting, or composing music as well as you can. Mind, I think there's a little professional jealousy about you, Maurice," continued this sage Mentor.

"You don't like a woman of fashion to come into your literary circles. But why shouldn't she? I'm sure I don't object when any one of them tries to produce a little dramatic or musical piece: on the contrary, I would rather help. And look at Mellord—the busiest painter of the day—look at the trouble he takes in advising Lady Rosamund; she has the free *entrée* into his studio, no matter who is sitting to him. I think, for amateurs, the work of all the three sisters is very creditable to them; and I don't see why they shouldn't like to have the appreciation of the public, just as other people like it."

"My dear fellow," Mangan said, but with obvious indifference, "do you think I resent the fact of your friend Lady Arthur or Lady Adela writing a foolish novel? Far from it. You asked my opinion of it, and I told you; if you don't see for yourself that the book is absolute trash—but harmless trash, as I think—then you are in a happy condition of mind, for you must be easily pleased. Come, let's talk of something worth talking about. Have you been down to Winstead lately?"

"No—never since that Sunday."

"Do you know, your people were awfully good to me," this long, lank, lazy-looking man went on—but now he seemed more interested than when talking about Lady Adela's novel. "I never spent a more delightful evening—never. I wonder they did not turn me out, though; for I stayed and stayed, and never noticed how late it was getting. Missed the last train, of course; and walked all the way up to London; not a bit sorry, either, for the night was cool and there was plenty of starlight: I'd walk twice as far to spend another such evening. I—I'm thinking of going down there next Sunday," he added, with a little hesitation.

"Why not?" Lionel said, cordially enough.

"You see," Mangan continued, still rather hesitatingly,—"the fact is—I'm rather in the way of getting illustrated papers—and—and summer numbers—and children's books—I mean, when I want them, I can get them—for lots of these things come to the newspaper office, and they're not much use to anybody; so I thought I would just make up a parcel and send it down to Miss Frances, don't you understand, for her sick children—"

"I daresay you went and spent a lot of money," Lionel said, with a laugh.

"And she was good enough to write back that it was just what she wanted; for several of the children—most of them, I should say—couldn't read, but they liked looking at pictures. And then she was kind enough to add that if I went down next Sunday, she would take me to see how the things had been distributed—the pictures hung up on walls, and so forth—and—that's why I think I may go down."

"Oh, yes, certainly," Lionel said, though he did not understand why any such excuse was necessary.

"Couldn't you come down too, Linn?" Mangan suggested.

"Oh, no, I couldn't, I'm so busy," was the immediate reply.

"I'm going to Scotland the first or second week in August. The doctor advises me to give my voice a long rest; and the Cunyngnams have asked me to their place in Ross-shire. Besides, I don't care about singing in London when there's nobody but country cousins, and none too many of them. Of course I'll have to go down and bid the old folks good-bye before starting for Scotland,

and Francie too. Mind you tell that wicked Francie that I am very angry with her for not having come up to see *The Squire's Daughter*."

"Linn," said his friend, after a second, "why don't you take the old people over to Aix or some such place for a month? They're so awfully proud of you; and you might take Miss Frances as well: she seems to work so hard—she deserves a rest. Wouldn't that be as sensible as going to Scotland?"

"My good chap, I would do that in a moment—I should be delighted," said he—for he was really a most generously-disposed young man, especially as regarded money: time was of greater consideration with him. "But it's no use thinking of such a thing. The old folks are much too content with home: they won't travel. And Francie—she wouldn't come away from those precious babes. Well, I'm off. Mind you scold Francie for me!"

"Perhaps," said Mangan, as he accompanied his friend to the door.

So it was that on a certain evening in August Lionel Moore drove up to Euston Station and secured a sleeping-berth in the train going North; and no doubt the consciousness that after a long spell of hard work he was entering upon a well-earned holiday was a very welcome and comfortable thing. If only he had been a little more reflective, he might have set to work (here in the railway-carriage, as he lit his cigar, and proceeded to fix up his reading-lamp) and gone on to consider how entirely satisfactory all his circumstances were at this moment. Prince Fortunatus indeed! Was ever any one more happily situated? Here he was, young, full of health and high spirits, excellent-tempered, and sufficiently good-looking; he had acquired a liberal measure of fame and popularity; he had many friends; he had ample means, for he did not know the difference between a backer and a layer, nor yet the difference between a broker and a jobber—in fact, gambling either in Stocks or on the Turf had never even occurred to him as a thing worth thinking about. But there was something further than all this for which he ought to have been profoundly grateful. As the long train thundered away into the night, there was no dull misery of farewell weighing heavily upon him; there were no longing fancies wandering wistfully back to a certain house, a certain figure, a pair of too eloquent eyes. He dragged no lengthening chain with him on this journey North. For notwithstanding his pleasant companionship with Nina, and her constant sympathy with him and her interest in his professional career, notwithstanding the affectionate regard of his Cousin Francie, which was none the less sincere that it remained unspoken and only to be guessed at, notwithstanding the somewhat jealous favour which the prima donna of the New Theatre seemed inclined to bestow on him, notwithstanding the pert coquetties and fascinations of Miss Georgie Lestranger, to say nothing of the blandishments and pettings showered upon him by crowds of ladies of exalted rank, this fortunate young man (so far at least as he was himself aware) was going away to Scotland quite heart-whole.

(To be Continued)

WINDERMERE TO DERWENTWATER

GOING, going—but not yet gone—is the charm of the Thirlmere country. Surely the best of all excursions in Lakeland is that from the largest of the lakes to the loveliest—from Windermere to Derwentwater! "Know most of the rooms of thy native country," was the pious Fuller's advice, "before thou guest over the threshold thereof." Ere long the utilitarian of Manchester will have miserably marred the beauty of a favourite corner of the drawing-room: the beautiful Thirlmere will have been transformed into a characterless water reservoir for Cottonopolis—

Intruders who would tear from Nature's Book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.

Visit the country while there is yet time to see all its endearing charms.

The coach starts from the town of Windermere, but we mount it at Ambleside Market Place. Ambleside was an old Roman camp, and the name is a corruption of *amabilis situs*. Hence to Keswick is a little over sixteen miles. Within half a mile of Ambleside Market Place is Stock Gill, a fine waterfall, of seventy feet, intercepted half way by a rocky ledge. The approaches to the stream, as it hastens to join the Rotha, are exquisite. In a northerly direction is the Knoll, the home of Harriet Martineau; a little further, and Rydal Mount appears in sight. Our susceptibilities as Wordsworth worshippers are wounded by a flippant London barrister, who refers to the late Laureate as "dreary old W.," and boasts that, although he has visited the district many times and oft, he has never been to see the Master's grave in Grasmere churchyard. The coachman is highly indignant, too, for this Philistine dares repeatedly to call him "cabby!" Wordsworth's home is almost hidden by foliage at the summit of a stately avenue. In the ordinary devotee climbs the hill: Rydal Mount is preserved in privacy. If, however, a privileged person, one trips along the terraces and inspects the favourite summer-house at the end of the garden; a commonplace door in it is suddenly thrown open, and through the doorway the whole of Rydal Mere is seen looking like a framed gem. Rejoining the coach, we ride on until we find ourselves on the bank of the smallest of the lakes which has escaped being called a tarn, not having forgotten, however, to glance at Fox How, the famous dwelling-place of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. On the Mere side is a big boulder, one of the many places whither it was Wordsworth's wont to wander and murmur his verses "but to be come at by the breeze." On the roadside under the bare precipice of Nab Scar is the humble whitewashed cottage in which poor Hartley Coleridge lived, and loved, and died.

Sweeping round a turn, Grasmere comes in sight—one of the prettiest scenes imaginable. Here, more than anywhere else, the spirit of Wordsworth permeates the air, and distils upon the reverberating hills. Scott visited the poet at his first home at Grasmere, opposite to the Prince of Wales' Hotel. We visit him now at his last resting-place in the little "God's-acre," where he lies beside Hartley Coleridge; and recall his description of the church:—

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy—for duration built.

The little village lies beneath the isolated and peculiarly formed Helm Crag, surmounted by the historic rocks known as the Lion and the Lamb. "Upon the forest side in Grasmere Vale," Wordsworth laid the scene of "Michael," while the "Prelude" was chiefly composed, Lady Richardson reports, on the Easdale side of Helm Crag. But now our coach ascends the pass over which the "Waggoner" pursued his way—Dunmail Raise, 800 ft. above the sea-level, with lofty Seat Sandal on the right and Steel Fell on the left.

Along the watershed is the boundary that divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Conspicuous is a tumulus, beneath which sleeps the gallant King of Cumberland, whose name is given to the pass, with half his army, who perished on the spot, to keep him company. We now get our first view of Skiddaw:—

What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In its natural sovereignty
Our British hill is nobler far; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

As we descend Thirlmere bursts in all its beauty before us. Now, alas! the scenery is somewhat scarred by the operations of the Manchester Corporation. The charm of the lake consists in its irregularity of outline, in the verdure with which its banks are clad, in the little bridge that surmounts the strait which divides its upper and lower waters. Now all this is to go by the board. That rock—the halfway house—where Coleridge, coming from Keswick, used to meet Wordsworth, and on which they cut their initials, is shortly to be submerged.

A similar fate will befall the little hamlet of Wythburn, lying below us. The descendants of the sturdy "statesmen" will be evicted from the homes of their fathers, and deprived of the little church in which those fathers worshipped. We feel sad, but at the same time are somewhat impatient with those who would seriously contend that the preservation of even such a lovely spot should be placed above the needs of a mighty city. From Wythburn "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" is best ascended, although the summit is unseen from the road. We have not time, however, to "mark the sad spot where the wanderer died," watched by his faithful canine servant and friend. All readers will remember the tragedy. Before us opens the narrow valley of St. John referred to in Lyulph's tale of King Arthur. What a strange man Dante Gabriel Rossetti was to have been unimpressed by such a scene! Mr. Hall Caine assures us he was not. Lovers of Scott must not pass by without heading the "Rock of Triermain." Before we come into five miles of less interesting country we catch a grand glimpse of Blencathara or Saddleback, one of the best loved of any of the Cumbrian hills. At last we mount the brow of Castlerigg, and see stretched before us a panorama extending from the underservedly despised Bassenthwaite to the vale of Borrowdale, where the good folk wanted to build a wall to keep the cuckoo in, and so retain in their midst eternal spring. Keswick—the village by the sedges—and lovely Derwentwater "glistening heavenly fair," its dark waters relieved by the emerald islands, are included in the view. A heavy shower of rain disturbs our equanimity as we drive into the town, with Skiddaw towering above. But we make a brave show as we enter the market-place, rousing Echo from her slumbers with the lusty horn.

R. M. L.

SIR JACOB WILSON

MR. JACOB WILSON (as was his title until recently), of Chillingham Barns, Belford, Northumberland, has for many years acted as the Honorary Director of the Shows of the Royal Agricultural Society, and has, while occupying that position, distinguished himself by his courtesy and indefatigability. He fully maintained his reputation during the Show which was held in Windsor Great Park at the end of June. At the luncheon given at the Windsor Guildhall by Mr. G. H. Peters, the Mayor of Windsor, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales took occasion to say:—"It would be invidious to mention names, but I may mention one to whose energy we owe a great deal—my friend Mr. Jacob Wilson." Finally, the Queen signalled the Jubilee Year of the Royal Agricultural Society, and of her own Presidency, by an act which was welcomed with the warmest approval: Mr. Jacob Wilson was honoured with an invitation to dine with the Queen at Windsor Castle on the evening of Saturday, June 29th, and was knighted by Her Majesty on his arrival.

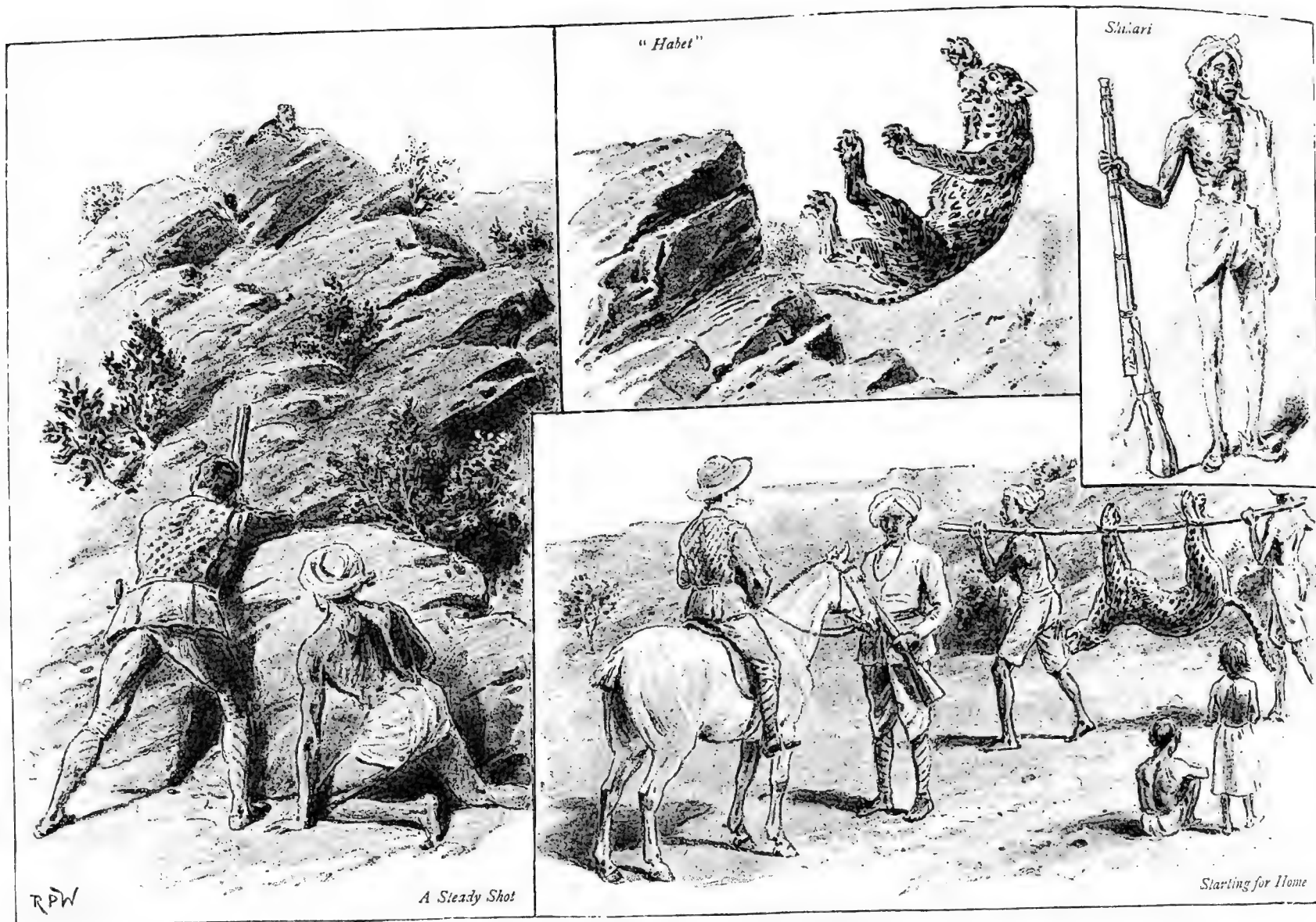
Sir Jacob Wilson was born on November 16th, 1836. He studied at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, where he took honours in almost every branch of agricultural education. He afterwards studied at Edinburgh, and obtained the first diploma ever granted by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. Mr. Wilson was then sent to Switzerland to lay out an estate on the English system. He next joined his father in his business as farmer and land agent in the North of England, especially in Northumberland, and later on worked on his own account. In 1865 Mr. Wilson was elected a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and since 1877 he has been Honorary Director. He was one of the founders of the Clydesdale



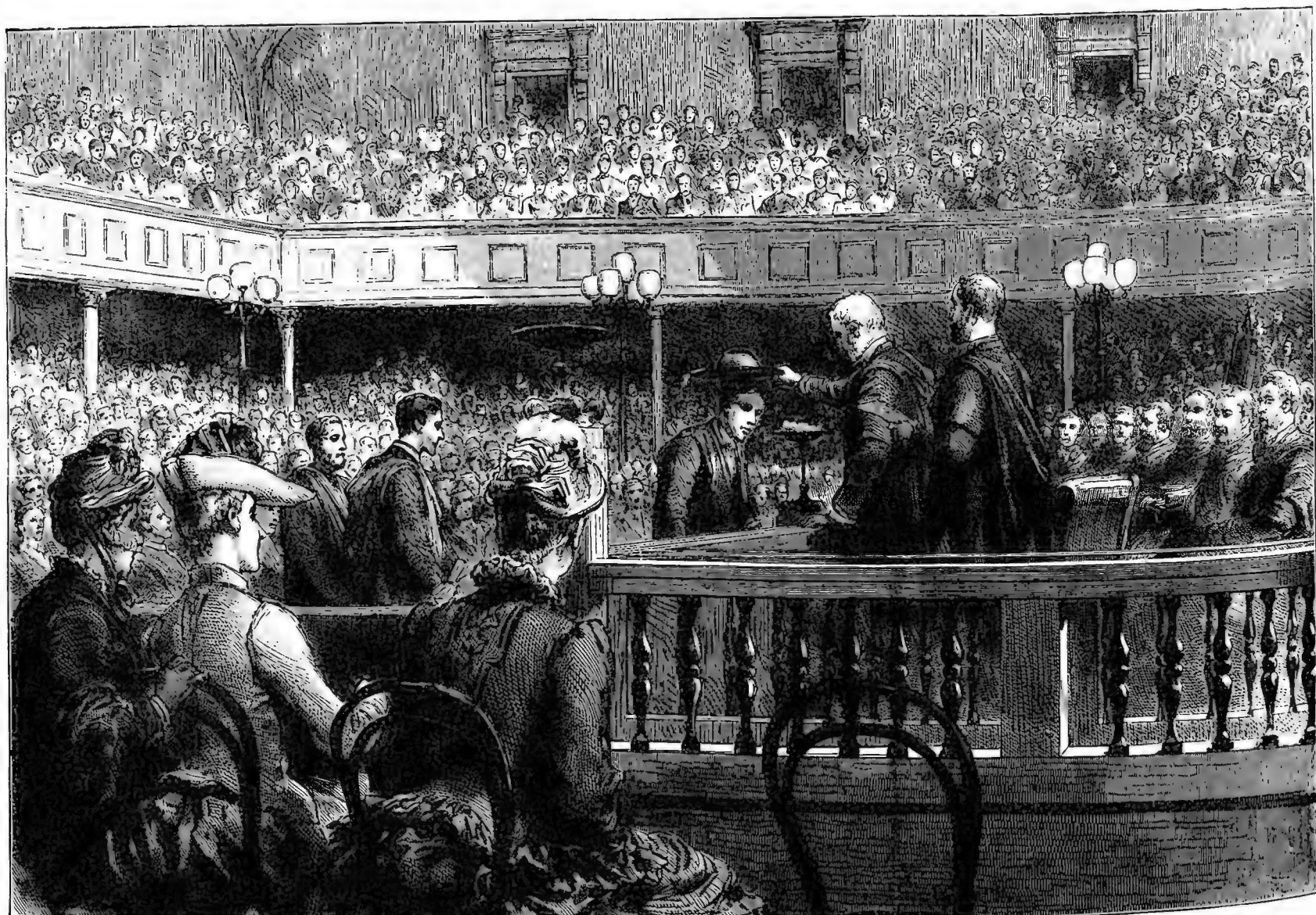
SIR JACOB WILSON, K.T.
Honorary Director of the Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor, recently knighted by Her Majesty

Society, and is on the Councils of the Shorthorn Society, the Smithfield Club, the Hunters' Improvement Society, and many other agricultural bodies. He is also a member of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, a Governor of the Royal Veterinary College, and a Fellow of the Surveyors' Institute. For three years Sir Jacob was a member of the Royal Commission on Agriculture, presided over by the Duke of Richmond, and last year he was Chairman of a Departmental Committee of the Privy Council to inquire into Pleuro-Pneumonia and Tuberculosis. Sir Jacob Wilson has been taken into consultation by more than one Prime Minister when difficult agricultural questions have arisen, and it is well known that the new Agricultural Department has been largely due to his representations.—Our engraving is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, 57 and 61, Ebury Street, S.W.

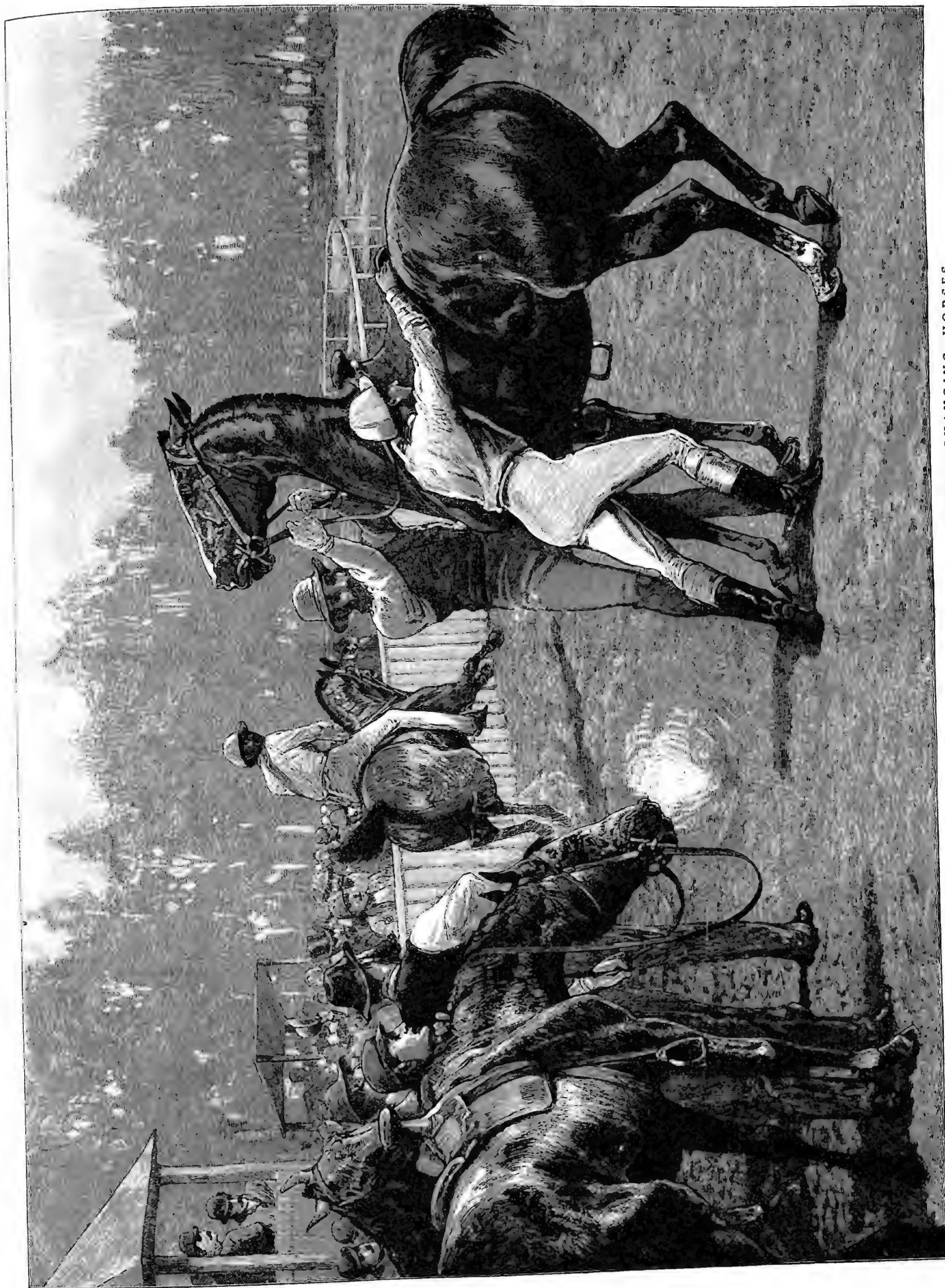
FARMS MAY BE HAD CHEAP IN HUNGARY. If the owners cannot pay the taxes they are forthwith sold up by the State, and recently a farm assessed at 60*l.* annually, was brought to the hammer, and purchased for two kreuzers—not quite $\frac{1}{4}d.$



PANTHER SHOOTING IN INDIA



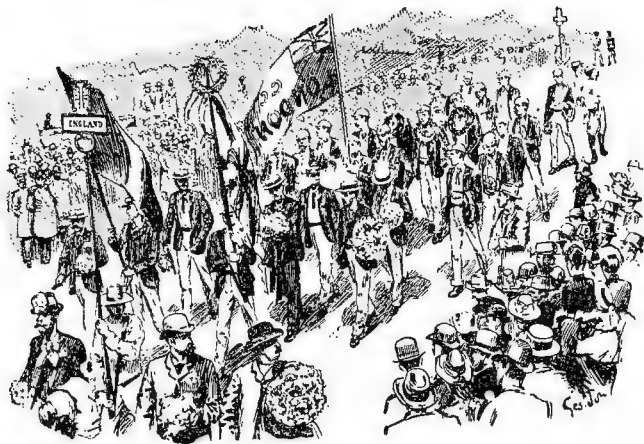
"CAPPING" AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY
A CEREMONY OBSERVED AT THE BESTOWAL OF A DOCTOR'S, MASTER'S, OR BACHELOR'S DEGREE



A THIRTY-MILE RACE AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—CHANGING HORSES

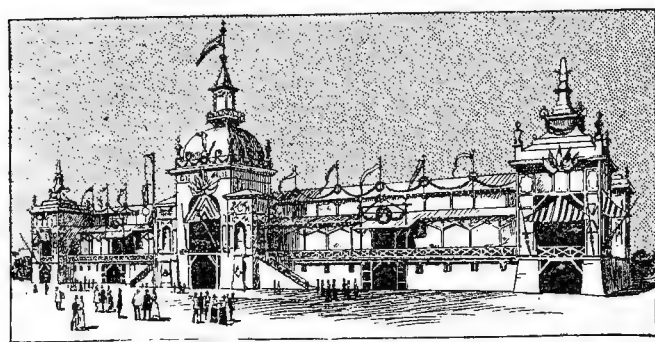
THE GERMAN GYMNASTIC FESTIVAL AND COMPETITION

WAS this year held at Munich, from July 27th to August 1st. The movement was originally set on foot by "Father" Jahn, the celebrated German gymnast, who conceived the idea of bringing together all the principal clubs at periodical intervals to perform the various evolutions, &c. The first meeting took place on the "Hafenhaide," near Berlin, in the spring of 1811. Since that time the movement has grown extensively, and representative clubs now come from all parts of the world to attend the gathering. The festival opened with a grand procession of all the gymnasts, which perambulated the town, gaily decked out for the occasion with flags, bunting, &c. This was followed by a banquet, after which came the competitions between the various clubs represented—extending over several days—concluding with a grand gymnastic performance by the combined clubs. An English contingent (from the Orion



ENGLISH CONTINGENT IN PROCESSION BEING PELTED WITH FLOWERS

Gymnastic Club) attended this year for the first time, and this has been made the subject of one of our illustrations. Our other engraving is a view of the "Festhalle" (Festival Hall), where all



MAIN BUILDING OF FESTIVAL HALL

the entertainments took place. It is a magnificent building in the Italian style of architecture, erected at the expense of the Munich Gymnastic Club, and is capable of seating 12,000 people.—Our engraving of the procession is from a photograph by T. Seiling, and that of the Festhalle from a photograph by P. Böttger, jun., both of Munich.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's began on Saturday last with every prospect of a successful season. We last week briefly described the alterations which have been made in the theatre, thus practically converting it into a sixteenth-century market-place, with tall timber, brick, and plaster houses of the Elizabethan period, a Shakespearian tavern, and a massive town-gate with portcullis through which the walls and entrance to a mediæval manor-house are visible. The decorations were not quite complete on Saturday, but, nevertheless, they gave satisfaction. With regard to the musical department, matters had been arranged on an equally liberal scale. An excellent orchestra under Signor Beignani performed the Peasants' Merry-making, Storm, and Thanksgiving movements from Beethoven's *Pastoral* symphony, besides selections from the comic opera *Doris* and other light works. The vocalists were Miss Gomez, who was unwise to select as her principal solo Mozart's "Porgi amor," which is not quite suitable for a mezzo-soprano voice; Miss Hilda Wilson, who sang two ballads; Mr. Leo Stormont, who, doubtless, through nervousness, gave a somewhat ineffective rendering of M. Faure's "Les Rameaux;" and Mr. Lloyd, who delighted his hearers with a magnificent rendering of the "Rose" song from Balfe's *Talisman*, and some English ballads. Another special success was gained by M. Vladimir de Pachmann in Chopin's "Andante Spianato" and "Polonaise." This work, well known at the Pachmann recitals, so delighted the audience that they insisted upon an encore, whereupon the pianist performed the study in G flat, No. 5 of the series Op. 10, dedicated by Chopin to Franz Liszt. The "classical" nights at this house are fixed for Fridays.

COVENT GARDEN.—At the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, the first classical programme was given last week, under the direction of Signor Ardit. The most important items were Mozart's symphony in G Minor and Beethoven's "Leonora," overture No. 3. The pianist was M. Arthur Friedheim, who was unwise to select, for a classical concert, such a work as Liszt's fantasia on Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*.—On Saturday night, Signor Ardit introduced the first of a series of complete excerpts from operas. The Church scene from *Faust* was that selected; the principal parts being sung by Miss Nikita, who was rather overweighted as Marguerite, and Signor Foli. The programme also included the theme, with variations, and the scherzo from Beethoven's *Septet*, played by members of the orchestra.

DEATH OF MADAME PUZZI.—The veteran *prima donna* and singing teacher, Madame Puzzi, died on Sunday at her residence in Harley Street, after a long illness, but at the ripe old age of eighty-

one. Very few opera-goers now living will recollect the operatic debut at the King's Theatre (now Her Majesty's) in 1827 of the remarkably beautiful girl, then known as Mdle. Tosio, who, after a solitary season, married her benefactor, the horn player, Signor Puzzi, and retired for ever from the stage. During her long subsequent career, extending over upwards of sixty years, as a teacher of singing, Madame Puzzi has not only trained several excellent artists and has exercised enormous influence over operatic engagements (particularly during the direction of Her Majesty's by Laurent and Laporte and of Benjamin Lumley), but has been the personal friend of nearly every great operatic vocalist of her time. She remembered the debuts of Donzelli, Rubini, Lablache, and Grisi, and distinctly the first appearance of Mdle. Marie Garcia under her more celebrated name of Madame Malibran; and her store of personal recollections of distinguished artists of a past age was certainly unique. There is assuredly no operatic soprano, now living, who retired from the stage as far back as 1827.

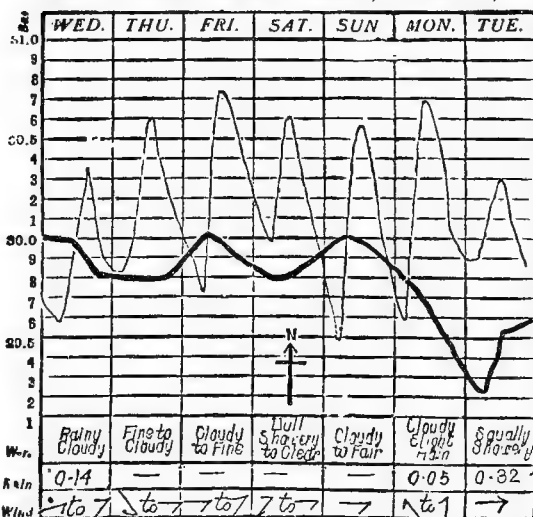
"ELYSIUM."—A new short cantata for soprano-solo chorus and orchestra, entitled *Elysium*, by Miss Rosalind Frances Ellicott, the gifted daughter of the Bishop, will be produced at the first secular concert in connection with the Gloucester Festival next month. Miss Ellicott has chosen for her libretto the well-known poem of Mrs. Hemans, and in accordance with the modern custom it follows on almost without fullance the chorus in graceful rhythm sing the first three verses of the poem, descriptive of the charms of *Elysium*. The soprano-soloist takes up the inquiry, "Who with silent tread moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?" Then in a march-like chorus we have the description of the heroes of the sword and that of the "sages and seers," who were "born by Grecian streams." A more lengthy and very charming soprano solo commences at the lines which allude to "those of whose abode earth retains no trace." From thence the chorus, interspersed from time to time with a few snatches of solo, carries on the poem to the end. At the mention of glory we have an allusion to the march-like theme of the chorus "They of the sword," and the *coda* at the close of the work is framed chiefly upon the *Elysium* theme of the first chorus. In Miss Ellicott's music there is no trace of effort. It flows on naturally and melodiously, the whole cantata being notable for that graceful thought and daintiness of detail which invariably mark the work of this talented young lady composer.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.—Music lovers will rejoice to hear that a more or less authoritative statement has been issued concerning the report to which we alluded last week, of the new serious opera which Sir Arthur Sullivan has so long contemplated. It appears that the distinguished musician is now fully engaged upon a new light opera for the Savoy theatre, written in collaboration with Mr. Gilbert. This is in a very forward state, and it will practically be finished next month, and will probably be produced in November. After this is out of hand, and long before it is actually produced, Sir A. Sullivan will be busy with his duties of conductor of the Leeds Festival. Later in the year, he will begin the new serious opera to which we have alluded. The libretto is from the pen of Mr. Julian Sturgis, who, it may be recollected, wrote the book for Mr. Goring Thomas's opera *Nadeshda*. Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera will be in at least three acts, and in all probability it will be first heard in public at the new theatre which Mr. D'Oyly Carte is erecting in Shaftesbury Avenue.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti arrived in London on Saturday, and has now gone to her Welsh castle for a holiday. She will start her provincial tour in mid-October, and, although it is very possible she may sing at Her Majesty's next summer, she has, as yet, signed no operatic engagement. —M. Mayer, who will direct the opera-season of 1890 at Her Majesty's, is contemplating a series of performances in French, alternating with those in Italian.—A definite offer has, we understand, been made by Señor Lago to Mr. Freeman Thomas for a five week's season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden, commencing during the second week of November.—The marriage is announced of the well-known operatic *prima donna* Madame Hastreiter to Dr. Burgonzio, director of an Italian hydropathic establishment.—Madame Christine Nilsson has found it necessary to write to the French papers to contradict a ridiculous report that she has been seized with deafness and loss of memory.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the night of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (20th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has again been of a very unsettled character, with showers in most districts, and temperatures rather below the average for the time of year. During the greater part of the time the barometer has been highest over France and the Spanish Peninsula, and lowest to the Northward and North-Westward of our Islands. During the night of Sunday (18th inst.), a well-marked depression passed quickly along our Western Coasts, and the wind increased considerably in force from South-West or South, accompanied by large quantities of rain in the North-West and North, with smaller amounts elsewhere. By the next morning the disturbance had reached the Shetlands, and the weather had improved somewhat. On the morning of Monday (19th inst.) another well-marked disturbance appeared off our South-West Coasts; this gradually increased in depth, and travelled quickly to a North-Easterly direction to the North of England. The wind increased in nearly all parts of the country, and very large amounts of rain fell in bright sunshine the thermometer rose on several occasions to between 70° and 75° over the inland parts of England.

The barometer was highest (30.02 inches) on Friday (16th inst.); lowest (29.24 inches) on Tuesday (21st inst.); range 0.78 inch. The temperature was highest (75°) on Friday (16th inst.); lowest (50°) on Sunday (18th inst.); range 25°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.51 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.32 inch on Tuesday (20th inst.)



ON Thursday next the SHAFTESBURY Theatre will reopen under the management of Messrs. Willard and Lart, with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, entitled *The Middleman*, of which Mr. Henry already given some account.

The death of Mr. James Alberty, author of *Two Roses*, perhaps the best and most original English comedy of the last twenty years, has brought to light the curious fact that the dramatist turned from the twisting of hemp to the opening of plots. Mr. Alberty, however, until long after he began to devote his talents to the stage. His manufactory of rope-twine and sacking was, if we mistake not, in the Blackfriars Road, nearly opposite the Surrey Theatre. Mr. Alberty's dramas were numerous, and few were without some touch of genius; but no one attained the success of his first production. His later pieces were mostly adaptations.

The secession of Mr. George Grossmith from Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company, albeit it has been effected in a friendly way, is bad news for the patrons of the SAVOY. Mr. Grossmith's successor, Mr. Wilkinson, however, has a decidedly original vein of humour. In person and style he is curiously unlike his predecessor. Mr. Grossmith is spare and slight; Mr. Wilkinson is plump and round, like a Chinese doll. Mr. Grossmith is dry and quiet; Mr. Wilkinson is exuberant and restless. He makes a capital Jack Point the Jester in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, but it is not Mr. Grossmith's Jack Point, which shows that there may be more than one way of impersonating the same character.

The death of M. Damala, husband of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, which took place at his residence in Paris last week, was certainly not unexpected on this side of the Channel. On the night of the opening of Mr. Mayer's recent season at the LYCEUM, when he played the hero in *Léna*, it was impossible not to be struck with his wan and wasted condition, and his slow and languid utterance. Unhappily, this gifted actor had acquired a habit of seeking relief from pain by morphia injections. The little romance of his hasty marriage in London, his subsequent matrimonial tiffs, and final reconciliation with his erratic wife, are all well-remembered items of dramatic gossip.

The story of the Battle of Worcester and Prince Charles' escape, related so minutely and picturesquely in the Boscobel Tracts, has furnished the matter for the new historical drama with which DRURY LANE will reopen for the autumn season. The cast of Messrs. Harris and Hamilton's play includes Miss Winifred Emery, and Messrs. Henry Neville, Arthur Dacre, Harry Nicholls, and Luigi Lablache. Parts will also be found for Miss Ada Neilson and Miss Laura Villiers.

Mr. Willie Edouin has once more crossed the roadway of the Strand, taking with him *Our Flat*—which is very successful in spite of the dead season—from the OPERA COMIQUE to his old quarters. As a consequence, Mr. Hurst's amusing comedy, *Esop's Fables*, in which Mr. Penley and Miss Alma Stanley play so divertingly, has migrated to the COMEDY Theatre.

Mr. J. T. Grein and Mr. Jarvis are engaged in adapting to the stage Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, "The Woodlanders," with the sanction of the author. The adapters, it will be remembered, were responsible for that curiously interesting adaptation from the Dutch which was produced this summer at a *matinée* at the PRINCE OF WALES'S.

The great Exhibition at Paris has had, as usual, a disastrous effect upon entertainments in that city; but the theatrical statisticians are finding consolation in the fact that the receipts of the Paris theatres since April contrast at least very favourably with those of the corresponding period in previous exhibition years.

Mr. Ben Davies's part in *Doris*, at the LYRIC Theatre, is to be transferred to Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves, in order to give the former gentleman an opportunity of taking a much-needed holiday.

The new operetta, *Love's Trickery*, which is to precede *Doris* at the LYRIC this evening, is described as "of present-day interest."

THIS SUMMER HAS BEEN UNUSUALLY WET IN THE UNITED STATES, especially on the Atlantic seaboard. During July eight inches of rain was the average fall over a wide belt of country, reaching from New York to Charleston. A wave of dense Atlantic vapour extended over land and sea, causing terrific floods in the Eastern States, and producing continual rain on the ocean passages.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Now that the various Sovereigns have left Paris, the heirs-apparent are arriving. The heir to the Tunisian throne, Prince Taieb, brother of the Bey, with the Bey's son, has been greatly feted, the Duke of Braganza is daily expected together with the Khédive's two sons, and Prince Budouin, heir to the Belgian throne, has been thoroughly "doing" the Exhibition. He was charmed with the Eiffel Tower, and telephoned his impressions to Brussels from the summit, this being the first experiment of the telephone between the Tower and any foreign town. Books of tickets for the ascent are now issued, to avoid waiting at the entrance. Each book contains ten tickets, and costs 2l. The colonial *fêtes* introduced last week are very successful, and most picturesque. The various natives march in procession, each section with its characteristic music, while the Tonkinese dragon brings up the rear. Much interest is felt in the Buddhist Pagoda, where three Tonkinese bonzes in yellow satin mantles, and six assistants, perform a cession and dance before the altar to a hideous discord of various brass instruments. If the chief Exhibition buildings are preserved, M. Alphand proposes to turn one of them into a huge electrical hall, which would provide light for the neighbouring quarter. The Eiffel Tower was struck heavily by lightning during the gale of Monday night, but was not injured. Those persons on the tower at the time felt a great shock, and molten metal fell from the lightning conductors, while the watchman at the top was enveloped in a thick white cloud like a snow-drift.

THE "GRAPHIC" WAYZGOOSE.—The Annual Dinner of the employes of this journal was held at the Rye House, on Saturday, August 17th. The chair was, as on many former occasions, taken by Mr. Arthur Locker, the editor, who afterwards distributed the prizes to the successful competitors in the sports, which preceded the dinner. The following events were decided:—

250 YARDS HANDICAP.—Grover, 3 yards start, first; T. L. Bell, 2nd; Nicholls, 3rd; W. Filkins, 6th, fourth. Second man only one yard behind first; Luskton, 21, sec. 2d. 100 YARDS HANDICAP (aged fifty).—Turtle, 8 yards start, first; G. H. Br. w. Good finish. 100 YARDS HANDICAP (age forty to fifty).—Stallard, scratch, first; G. H. Br. w. 9 yards start, second. Splendid finish. Won in the last four yards. 130 YARDS HANDICAP (age under thirty).—Heat 1: Filkins, 16 yards start, first; Waller, 2nd. Heat 2: Heat 3: Murray, 4 yards start, first; Metcalf, scratch, second. Heat 4: Filkins, 4 yards start, first; Berwick, scratch, second. Heat 5: Filkins, 16 yards start, first; H. Filkins, 4, second; Murray, 4, 3rd. 130 YARDS HANDICAP (age thirty to forty).—Rowen, 15 yards start, first; G. Davies, 15, second; Baker, 16, third. Easy victory for Rowen, who won by eight yards; 8 yards for third place. FIFTY YARDS RUNNING BACKWARD RACE.—Final Heat: Pain, first. Next second: Walker, third. Won by a yard. FIFTY YARDS THREE-LEGGED RACE.—Parker and Ransom, first; Hicks and 1st calf, second; Browne and Cooke, third. 100 YARDS EGG-AND-SPoon RACE.—Young, first; Barnes, second; Cattriss, third. White, fourth; Berwick, fifth. 100 YARDS CONSOLATION RACE.—Stevens (aged sixty-six), 30 yards start, first. Waller, scratch, second. Hard struggle for second place. Won by a few inches.

THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF BENARES AND
HIS SUCCESSOR

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Love, friendship, serving hands
A dream of yesterday, a fallen dream
From which I am awakened.

By slow degrees a wistful spirit stirred,
Which felt the love that lapped its life, and strove
For fuller comprehension, but ere long,
Finding the mystery beyond its ken,
Grew reconciled to yield a childish trust,
And take the wholesome sweetness of its life
As some most natural birthright.

Now she's wreathed with roses ;
Now with bitter breath ;
In one hand are posies,
In the other—death.

Und lieblich auch des Hofhund's Bass ertönt,
Ein Froh Willkomm, wenn wir dem Hause nah'n,
'S ist lieblich, dass sich Jemand nach uns sehnt,
Und Augen glänzen, die uns kommen sahn."

A LUCKY DAY ON THE USK

While this cheering tale was being told, that curious mood, which occasionally comes over salmon, due probably to some atmospheric changes undiscernible by our duller senses, had ensued, and several were moving before us in the river. Small ones—grilse or sea-trout—leapt playfully out like bars of silver, and fell in again with a loud, resounding splash, larger ones rolled over and over, and churned the water into belts of foam, which floated down from the widening rings made in the currents. Soon P—— was fast in a gallant little sea-trout, much to our delight. It danced along the surface in a series of leaps, then darted across, and up and down for a minute or two, but had no chance with the stout salmon-rod and stalwart angler who wielded it. Soon P——, by main force, dragged it to land, and R—— gaffed it—a fresh, silvery fish of beautiful proportions, not unlike a large mackerel, three pounds in weight. This was hailed as an omen of better things to come.

There is no need to tell with what pleasure we bore it to the fishing-cottage, and suspended it by the weighing machine from a long spar thrust into the cavity of a large tree in the garden. Joy of joys! It weighed 29½ lbs., the premier fish caught that year in the Usk, so far as we knew. Then, with a look at the neighbouring church, covered with various kinds of creepers, with its two singular recesses on the exterior of the east end (probably holding relics in olden days), and with a last glance at the Parish Cross in the yard peacefully wreathed with honeysuckle by the vicar's kindly care, we regained the railroad. And much did the porter and station-master at the little station congratulate P——, and wonder at what Herodotus would have called this "mighty bulk of salmon."

M. G. W.

M. G. W.



conventional views of religious history. "Clare Strong," by G. Beresford Fitzgerald, F.S.A. (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), without coming within the class of historical novels, depends very much for its real, apart from its intended, interest upon its reference to fifty years ago, including a visit to the United States at that period. The whole of the story has an exceedingly life-like effect, and it is therefore the more unfortunate that a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries should have based his plot upon the particular impossibility which Mr. Fitzgerald has selected. He, at any rate, should have known that a provision in a will in general restraint of marriage is, except in the case of a widow, *ipso facto* null and void. Readers are, however, by this time too well accustomed to novelists' law to be troubled on this score, though it is a pity that, in days when everybody thinks himself and herself more competent to try any case than the whole bench of judges, the public instructors—that is to say, the novelists—are not a little more careful. On the whole, "Clare Strong" is decidedly pleasant reading.

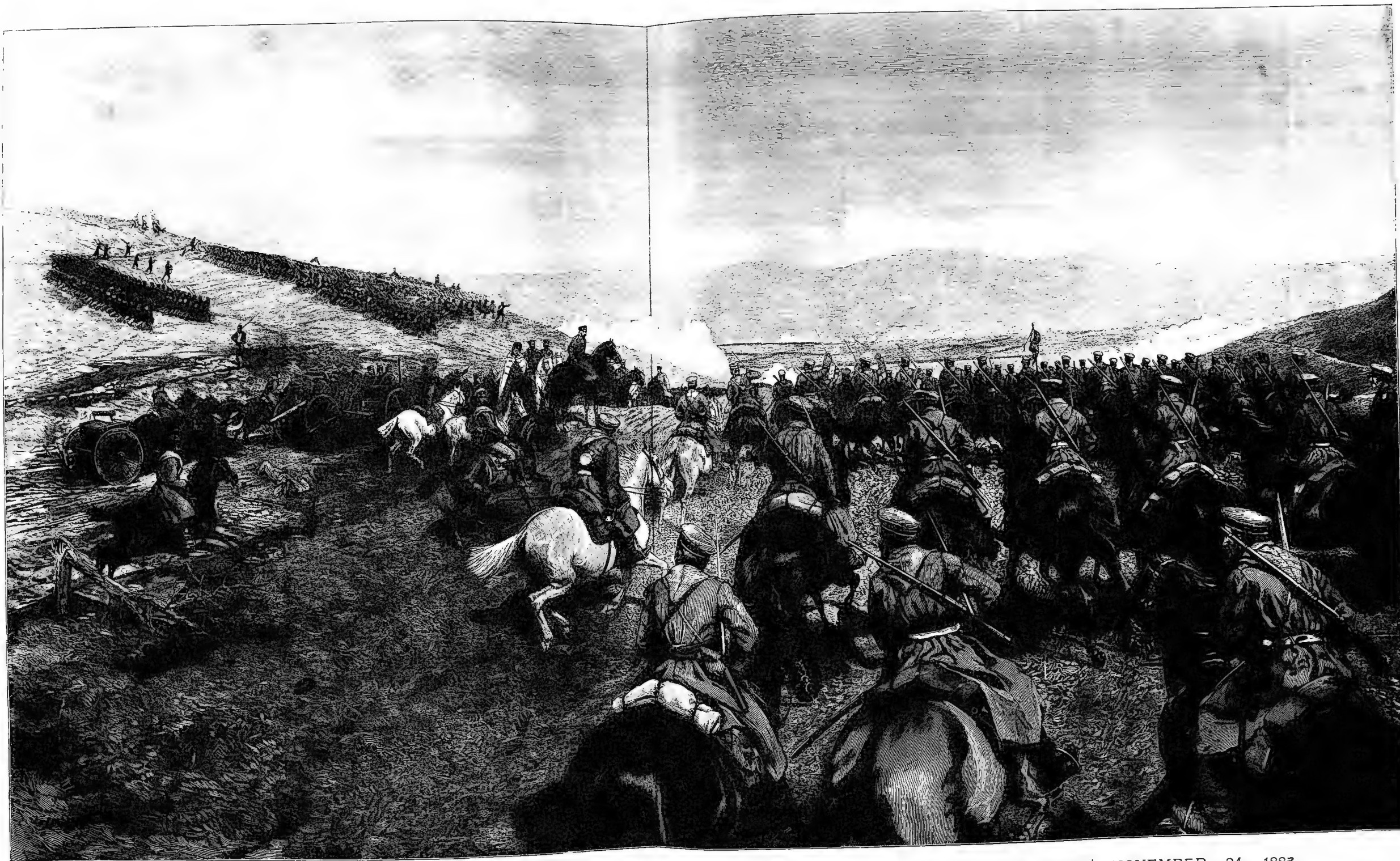


THE LATE MAHARAJAH ISHRI PRASAD NARAIN SINGH
BAHADUR, G.C.S.I.

A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a man in traditional Indian attire, possibly a ruler or noble, seated on a throne. He wears a turban and a long, patterned robe, holding a sword or staff vertically in his right hand. The background is a simple, textured grey.

THE MAHARAJAH PRABHU NARAIN SINGH

AN AUSTRALIAN LEPER COLONY has been formed in Torres Straits, and appropriately named "Damien Island." Speaking of leprosy, a curious superstition prevails in Southern India, that no leper must be buried underground, or the rains will fail. Any leper buried by the police is immediately dug up by the villagers, and exposed to be devoured by dogs and wild beasts.



THE PASSAGE OF THE SERVIAN FRONTIER BY PRINCE ALEXANDER AND THE BULGARIAN ARMY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883
FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE PIOTROWSKI

"Margaret Maliphant," by Mrs. Comyns Carr (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is of the somewhat obsolete school of Miss Rhoda Broughton, but less frivolous, much less audacious, less bright, and therefore less effective; for, without the audacity of a veritable *sapèur* in fiction, the school is nowhere. Mrs. Carr deserves all respect for her short-comings in this regard; but they are none the less fatal to complete success in a school wherein she is too good an artist to succeed. She has, in her heroine, Margaret Maliphant, revived the odiously rude young woman with red hair and a beautiful sister, who (the heroine, not the sister) is supposed to be so unnatural as to write for the public, in the first person, the story of how she told a particularly mean and treacherous lie for her own advantage. Most people will think the best portions of the volumes are those which touch on Nature and Natural History—that is to say, in which Mrs. Carr departs from her unfortunate and congenial model. These portions are excellent and altogether sympathetic; one feels that the authoress is one who knows how to read Nature without a translation.

In "Where Have You Been?" (1 vol.: Digby with Long) Kate Thompson proves the possibility of writing a novel without once using the word "and," even in naming the firm of publishers upon the title-page. She has even, with some industry, selected her poetical chapter-headings so as to carry out her determination to boycott the conjunction of her antipathy. There is not much excitement or amusement to be got out of the process or its result; but doubtless it gave the authoress an additional interest in writing a story which, while decidedly feeble in *motif*, contains some passages of very fair comedy. If farce be, as it has been defined, the logical development of an absurdity, Kate Thompson has produced the very reverse of farce, inasmuch as she has based a thoroughly illogical story upon a not unreasonable foundation. For a time we were in hopes that she was about to make a plunge into Gilbertian burlesque—a performance for which her group of young people was by no means ill adapted. But the plunge was never made; and we are in considerable perplexity why, except to prove the easy dispensability of "and," which nobody ever doubted, the story was ever written. There are hundreds of words requiring elimination from fiction in preference to the most harmless of conjunctions.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The holidays are rapidly drawing to a close, and chorists will return to their church-work with renewed vigour. There will be a demand for new music, to meet which "Novello's Short Anthems" have just now been published. We have received a dozen of this very excellent series, which is to be continued. These anthems are, for the most part, by well-known composers, whose names are guarantees for sound work. "God, Who is Rich in Mercy" (I.), and "Our Soul on God with Patience Wait" are by G. M. Garrett (VII.); "When my Soul Fainted within Me" (II.), by J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc.; "Praised be the Lord Daily" (III.), by J. Baptiste Calkin; and many other sterling works, noteworthy for their simplicity and freedom from difficulties.—The latest numbers of Novello's Octavo Anthems are: "Lo! Summer Comes Again" (335), intended for harvest or general use, music by Dr. Stainer, words by the Very Rev. the Dean of Wells—a composition of no mean merit; and "In the Fear of the Lord" (338), by J. Varley Roberts, Mus. Doc. Oxon., also highly to be commended—Nos. 552-3-4 of "Novello's Part-Song Book" (Second Series) are bright and melodious, music by Franz Abt. They are respectively, "The Rover's Joy," "Evening Song," and "The Flowers' Review."—Nos. 634 and 636 of Novello's Tonic Sol-Fa Series are a pretty four-part song, "Crocuses and Snowdrops," poetry by W. S. Passmore, music by Henry Smart; and "The Lord is King," a short Easter anthem, by Josiah Pittman.—V. Novello has arranged "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame," composed by Harwood, as an anthem for four voices.—No. 120 of "Original Compositions for the Organ" is a "Solemn March," by B. Luard Selby—a smoothly-written composition.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Tell Them!" a song, published in four keys, words by Clifton Bingham, which are very poetical, music by F. P. Tosti, which is below the mark of what we look for from this versatile composer (Messrs. G. Ricordi and Co.).—A dramatic poem, by the Marquis de Leuville, is "Samoa" ("Britons Bravest of All"). It has been set to appropriate music by Michael Watson. This song is published in three keys (The Viaduct Publishing Company).—A song which a tenor should hasten to make his own is "True Heart," written and composed by Henry Chard and W. H. Squire. The compass is from D below the lines to G above the lines. Two songs, "The Sea Hath its Pearls," words adapted by Longfellow from Heine's poem, and "A Storm Wind," music by R. Ernest Bryson, will prove useful to a tenor of medium compass (The London Publishing Company).—"Barcarolle in G" for the flute, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Whewall Bowling, is a pleasing melody of an ordinary type, which will prove useful to a student of that instrument (Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co.).—"Luvima Waltz," by H. M. Benoliel, is a fairly-good specimen of its school, and gives promise of better things to come (Messrs. Forsyth Brothers).

SHOREDITCH BY THE SEA

THE natives of Shoreditch by the Sea are a very shrewd and humorous lot of people, who thoroughly understand the tastes and requirements of their summer visitors, most of whom come from the East End of London, bringing with them large families of sickly children, whose pale and wizened faces tell of close and stuffy dwellings in the over-crowded streets of the Great City. The native has a very simple method of catering for these people. He provides them with plenty of public-houses and a variety of entertainments of the music-hall order—nothing more.

Fronting the beach, the native has built a number of very gaudy-looking gin-palaces, with the usual fascinating array of announcements touching "Old Tom," and other such ravishing concoctions, so that the thirsty Londoner can sip his favourite beverage amidst familiar surroundings, while enjoying at the same time the healthful breezes of the sea. After his early dip, the visitor, as a matter of course, takes a glass of rum and milk, which is provided for him by the considerate native at five o'clock in the morning if necessary. A glass or two of stout before breakfast, or a glass of stout mixed with rum, is warmly recommended, too, by the obliging townspeople, who are always ready to point out a good house for refreshments of this kind to inquiring strangers.

When fine, the open-air concert on the beach is largely patronised by lovers of the comic song. Here we can sit and listen to the latest vocal refinement from London, sung by *artistes* who take care that the delicate humour of the song shall not suffer in their hands, emphasising by gesture and by voice the exquisite touches of wit and rallery with which the charming compositions

abound. And we all join in the chorus, too—husbands, wives, and children, for we know these songs well—better a great deal than we know the Church Service. In the evening we attend another music-hall entertainment on the pier, all dressed in our best style for the occasion, and giving ourselves London airs for the special benefit of the natives, whose honest faces, brown and tanned from the sea air, wear a quite smile of dubious import, which we naturally suppose to be significative of their admiration and approval. We don't join in the choruses now as heartily as at the day concert, for we change our manners with our clothes at Shoreditch by the Sea, dropping the free-and-easy style of pipe and flannel jacket, and assuming instead the haughty grandeur of broad-cloth and a twopenny cigar.

Of course, like all visitors to the seaside, we are nautical to the finger-tips, and take every occasion to display before the natives our ig—I mean our knowledge—of marine subjects. The shrewd native encourages us in the idea that we are all born sailors, gravely asking us for our opinion of the weather, or what we think of that there craft in the "hopping," and questioning us with child-like simplicity on sundry topics of this kind, not the ghost of a smile on his weather-beaten face the while.

In return for so much true politeness and civility we patronise the accommodating mariner's sail-boat, which he boldly calls a "yacht," taking a sixpenny sail round the light-ship, and returning to land with the air of men who had recklessly performed a daring and desperate deed. Then you should see us walking, with a true sailor-like swing, on the beach afterwards, and talking profoundly of "tacking," and heavy seas and squalls, and so forth, very much to our own enjoyment and satisfaction.

We are very fond, too, of having "our picture took" at Shoreditch by the Sea, and scores of oily-haired "artists," in shabby velvet coats and greasy Alpine hats, are perpetually inviting us, in the words above quoted, to favour them with a sitting. "The light is 'just-class now,'" they assure us; and, with alluring smile and verbal guarantees of the most unreserved kind, they easily persuade us to "give them a turn," in exchange for which they give us a turn—though of a different character—when we see the result of their labours.

Phrenology, too, flourishes on the beach in this delightful watering-place, and several very wise-looking professors of that mysterious science are busily occupied all day handling the heads of East-End Londoners at sixpence per head, a reduction being allowed in the case of families and schools. How the professors succeed in preserving a grave countenance while examining the bumps of their patrons, who are in all cases very much in earnest during the operation, I cannot understand. Few things are more laughable than the serious way in which the phrenologist assures some limp and faded-looking woman—the very picture of nervousness and timidity—that she is a person of strong and decided character, with a propensity to domineer over her fellow-creatures, which is unworthy of a Christian woman. But he foresees that she will conquer this failing in time, and solemnly exacting a promise from her to that effect, dismisses her with a fatherly pat and a smile. Perchance his subject is a chuckle-headed man, with a coarse, fat face, utterly devoid of any trace of refinement or sensibility. And yet the bumps show a love of poetry and deep artistic feeling, and a general sympathy for everything that is beautiful and refined. The fat man smiles. The phrenologist thereupon solemnly warns him not to carry his artistic sympathies too far—to keep them within Christian bounds. "Remember Shelley! remember Byron!" he adds, pocketing the fat man's sixpence, and looking out for a fresh head.

The beach is the favourite hunting-ground of the gipsy fortune-teller, and many of these gaily-dressed impostors, with stained faces and Brummagem jewellery, roam about all day on the look out for dupes. And sad to relate, the female visitors to Shoreditch by the Sea are easily persuaded to listen to the odious lies of these cunning palmists, who are amazingly quick in finding out the pet weaknesses of their foolish clients. One would imagine that in these days of progress and enlightenment fortune-telling would prove a poor business, but is evident that we have thousands in our midst—people of some education, too, who still believe in it, and who spend money in encouraging its crafty professors.

It will thus be seen that Shoreditch by the Sea is in many respects a typical watering-place of the popular kind, without any pretensions to refinement or any influence of that sort. And surely this is much to be regretted. Why should not our popular seaside resorts furnish their visitors with something better in the shape of amusements than comic songs and public-houses? A good band or two in the open air, a miscellaneous concert under cover, where one might listen to decent songs and orchestral music daily—these, and other such forms of refined and intellectual enjoyment, would tend to make places like Shoreditch by the Sea infinitely more wholesome and profitable than they are now to the majority of their summer visitors.

M. L. B.

THE PHLEGRÆAN FIELDS

RICH as is the colouring of land, and sea, and sky, brilliantly clear the atmosphere, and glorious the all-gilding sunshine on the Neapolitan coast, yet it is by no means unpleasant to pass for a short time into the shade and coolness of the great Grotto of Posilippo, the gate of the Phlegræan Fields.

The "Grotto" is really a tunnel; but very unlike the dismal, low, brick-arched, underground roadways we in England know as tunnels. It is a lofty cavern, in some places sixty feet in height, cut, probably by Agrippa, quite through the hill of Posilippo, a ridge of soft, yellowish tufa-rock, and the walls, rough and irregular as the ancient excavators left them, meeting above, form a more or less pointed roof. Its length is nearly half a mile; but, as the grotto is straight, the intense exterior light, streaming in from each end, with the soft yellow glow from a few lamps suspended at intervals in the interior, just sufficiently illuminates the whole to give a weird and romantic effect, sombre, yet picturesque, to the subterranean scene. The grotto is a public road, and one much used, since it is part of the most direct and least hilly route from Naples to the country lying between that city and the Gulf of Gaeta.

This district is the remarkable area on the northern side of the Bay of Naples, known from the most ancient times as the Campi Phlegræi, and which, from its being almost made up of old volcanic craters, has been likened to a portion of the surface of the moon. Its extraordinary features, with its phenomena of hot fumes, some mephitic, some hygienic, and its hot springs, together with traditions of earlier more pronounced volcanic action, attracted the attention of the ancient poets, who made the region the scene of many of the classic fables. Here was Avernus and the entrance to the realms of Pluto, here were the Cimmerian abodes, here came "pious Æneas" to consult the Sibyl, here was the "Forum of Vulcan," and here, on a bold headland, was laid the body of Misenus, the trumpeter of Hector, and here, too, did Hercules construct the Lucrine causeway over which to drive the oxen of Geryon. Virgil, the Wizard of the South, above all others, gave to the Phlegræan Fields a poetic, not to say supernatural, charm, which, added to that which must ever attach to the natural features of the district, invests this small area with unique and surpassing interest. The hill, or ridge, of Posilippo, on which the author of the *Æneid* lived and wrote, and on which his tomb now stands, overlooks, on

one side, the Bay of Naples, along the shore of which it extends for three or four miles, and on the other the whole area of the Phlegræan Fields, of which, indeed, it may be said to form a portion, and which stretch westwards and northwards between the sea and the great Plain of Capua. The luxuriant growth of vegetation, the produce of fertile soils under a southern sun—the vineyards that clothe the slopes, the orange, lemon, and olive groves, sometimes to the water's edge, the cypress and chestnut and ilex, the cactus on the banks of deeply-cut roads, and the arbutus covering the rough sides of craters and of cones—gives to a district which has been the scene of terrific and devastating phenomena a peaceful and most inviting aspect.

The volcanic character of the Phlegræan Fields is not, however, at all concealed, but only softened and rendered beautiful by Nature's transparent veil of exquisite greenery; for every rock we see is of volcanic materials, every excavation is in tufa or lava rock, while the old craters are conspicuous, and "stuffe" still emit hot fumes, and "thermæ" still pour forth hot water to attest the continuing, though feeble, volcanic action yet existing below the surface.

On emerging from the Grotto of Posilippo, the village of Fuorigrotta is passed through, and soon the old crater of Agnano is seen. This one is not, however, conspicuously crateriform, the encircling ridge being much worn and irregular, while the level interior plain is cultivated. Previous to 1873 a lake of water, since artificially drained, covered the crater-floor and brightened the scene with its gleaming surface. Close to the Stufe di Germano with their hot fumes, and near them the better known Grotto del Cane, where an accumulation of heavy carbonic acid gas on the floor will not permit a dog to live. The practice of suffocating and reviving a poor dog is still favoured by some visitors who are, let us hope, more thoughtless than cruel. A lighted torch is sufficient to demonstrate the presence of the gas, without causing any pain or suffering.

Though it requires some geological knowledge to detect the volcanic origin of Agnano, the neighbouring Solfatara plainly declares its volcanic character by its bare volcanic rocks, by its hot sulphur-depositing fumes issuing from a fumarole, and by the flat crater floor, giving unmistakable evidence of its cavernous foundations in the resounding noises caused by heavy stones being thrown down on the ground. The walls of the old crater are mainly formed of elevations composed of fragmentary materials; but at one point there is a mass of lava-rock, the result of the last eruption from this vent in 1198. The lava was not very fluid, and, flowing slowly towards the sea, it solidified into the rock-mass called Monte Olibano, now quarried for road material. There are also quarries in the tufa near here for Pozzuolana, famous from the time of the Roman architect Vitruvius for producing a cement that sets under water. The neighbouring town and port of Pozzuoli has many interesting associations. It is the Puteoli of old, one of the two parts of ancient Rome, and the place at which St. Paul landed when on his way to the Imperial city. The town was then a very important one, but it has suffered greatly from earthquakes, and from the eruptions of the Solfatara and Monte Nuovo.

At a short distance past Monte Spina—a portion of the old crater wall of Agnano—to the north-east rise the sides of the great crater of Astroni. The circumvallation of Astroni, having a total length of no less than four miles, is, with the exception of the entrance-gap, a complete circular rim, and a perfect natural amphitheatre, with a flat floor, like that of the Solfatara, is thus formed. But, unlike the interior of that crater, Astroni presents a scene of the richest verdure and arboreal luxuriance, for the old crater is now really a beautiful park, adorned with groves of ilex and lakes of water, though it is used as a Royal game preserve.

The manner in which volcanic cones and craters are formed is, indeed, shown by the neighbouring beautifully-perfect crater of Monte Nuovo, on the western side of Pozzuoli, and close to the sea, which entirely resulted from a single eruption so recent as 1538, which in two or three days piled up a conical hill of nearly 500 feet in height, with a deep central crater.

From the summit of Monte Nuovo, an easily-climbed hill covered with shrubs, a most comprehensive and interesting view is obtained both of volcanic cones and craters. Of the former there is that on which the observer stands, and a little to the east rises the much greater one of Monte Barbaro, the highest in the Phlegræan Fields, covered with vineyards, while to the right is seen Astroni. Of craters, that of Monte Nuovo, the most perfect of all, is immediately below, the Solfatara is on one side, and, not to mention others, lake-filled Avernus is conspicuous on the other. Besides cones and craters, the prospect embraces the city of Pozzuoli, with the ruins of the Temple of Serapis, and its world-famed three marble columns, telling of the sinking and rising again of this part of the coast since the times of the Romans, and the "Bridge of Caligula" projecting into the sea with its mollusc-bored piers, confirming the same wonderful tale. Then over the blue waters of Pozzuoli are seen the volcanically-formed shores of the Bay of Baïæ, of Misenum, and of the Island of Procida, and at a greater distance, rising out of the Mediterranean, earthquake-shaken Ischia is crowned by the now dormant volcano Epomeo. The smoke of Vesuvius is far to the south, and indicates the extent in that direction of the volcanic region, of which Monte Nuovo is the last formed, but by no means the least interesting feature.

The old crater of Avernus, too, with its shining lake-waters and surrounding foliage, with its "Cave of the Sibyl" and its Temple of Apollo, with its poetic and mythological associations, is certainly not wanting in variety of attractions. Separated from Avernus by but a small space is Lucrinus, beloved by the oyster-eating epicures of old Rome, with its Herculean causeway, and across the bay here formed by the projecting headland of Misenum, is the site of Baïæ, the Brighton of the ancient world of fashion, the resort of the most wealthy and luxurious of Roman patricians, and a place still possessing the hot-springs that were the origin of its ancient glory.

Land of Venus, golden coast,
Nature's fairest gift and boast,
Happy Baïæ.

The Mare Morto and the Elysian Fields are very near; and then, along the coast to the north, lies the Lago Fusaro, the ancient Palus Acherusia; and, beyond, the site of Cumæ, that earliest of the cities of Italy, for it flourished before Rome was founded.

And nowhere outside the walls of Rome itself can be found a locality so full of memorials of its ancient days, or possessing such intimate and so many personal associations with its most famous men. At the extremity of the ridge of Posilippo, with its tomb of Virgil, is the Grotto of Sejanus and the villa of Lucullus; near it is the Temple of Fortune and the School of Virgil; and close by is the site of the ancient Pharos. West of Pozzuoli and the Serapeion is the villa of Cicero; by the shore, and close to the Lucrine Lake, are the Baths of Nero; and the great amphitheatre where that tyrant fought with beasts is just outside the city of Pozzuoli, for it was the amphitheatre of Puteoli. The tomb of Agrippina is near Baïæ. The port of Misenum was the chief station of the Roman Fleet—the Portsmouth, as Baïæ was the Brighton, of the "Empire of the world."

In a villa on Nisida Brutus meditated on his assassination of Julius Cæsar, and here the great Cicero conferred with the "noblest Roman of them all." At Baïæ Cæsar, and Hadrian, and Severus had palaces; and Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Lucullus, Horace, and Pliny, in their sumptuous seaside villas, enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate*, and all the pleasures that boundless wealth and Roman luxury could furnish.

THE PEAKS AND GLACIERS OF THE CAUCASUS

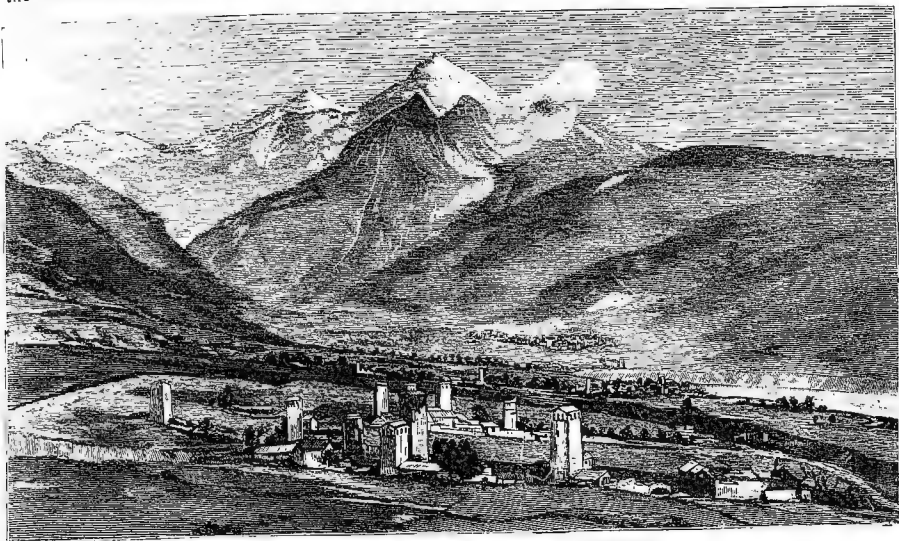
WRITTEN BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD, F.R.G.S.

DURING THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS—since the following article was first written—"the Caucasus" has been frequently brought under the eyes of newspaper readers. The Czar has, for the first time, made a railroad tour of this outlying portion of his dominions. A most lamentable catastrophe has befallen one of the several English exploring parties that have been engaged in the mountains during the summer, whereby Mr. W. F. Donkin, the Honorary Secretary of the Alpine Club and Photographic Society, and Lecturer in Chemistry at St. George's Hospital, and Mr. W. H. Fox, well-known in business and as a leader in all athletic games at his native town of Wellington, Somerset, with two Oberland guides, have lost their lives.

On August 29th or 30th, last, as we know from a letter of Mr. Fox to his interpreter, the party left a bivouac in the Doumala Valley, in the district of Bezingi, intending to cross the glaciers of Dychtau to Karaoul, in the Balkar Valley. Both valleys are north of the chain, and correspond to the Zermatt and Saas Valleys in Switzerland, Dychtau standing as it were in the place of the Dom. Some traces have been found of the mountaineers' passage on the glacier figured in the woodcut of Dychtau—but we have no definite evidence as to the nature or exact locality

Phillipps Wolley, an experienced Caucasian traveller, was rendered fruitless by the lateness of the season and the lack of mountaineering experience of those engaged.

In geography no fact is too elementary to require stating to English readers. It may be well, therefore, to premise that "the Caucasus," in a geographical sense, denotes a range of mountains running in a south-easterly direction from the Black Sea, near the Straits of Kertch, to the Caspian, a distance of about 600 miles, between 45 deg. and 40 deg. N. latitude—nearly, that is, in the same parallel with the Pyrenees. In a political sense the term Caucasus is applied to what should properly be called the Caucasian Provinces, the portion of the isthmus under the governorship of the Russian Lieutenant of the Caucasus at Tiflis, the limits of which have frequently shown a tendency to stretch southwards at the expense of Persia and Turkey. Ciscaucasia is the general name of the section of these Provinces north of the great chain, Transcaucasia of the section south of the chain, which here divides Europe from Asia.



TETNULD FROM ABOVE MULAKH, SUANETIA



ELBRUZ FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



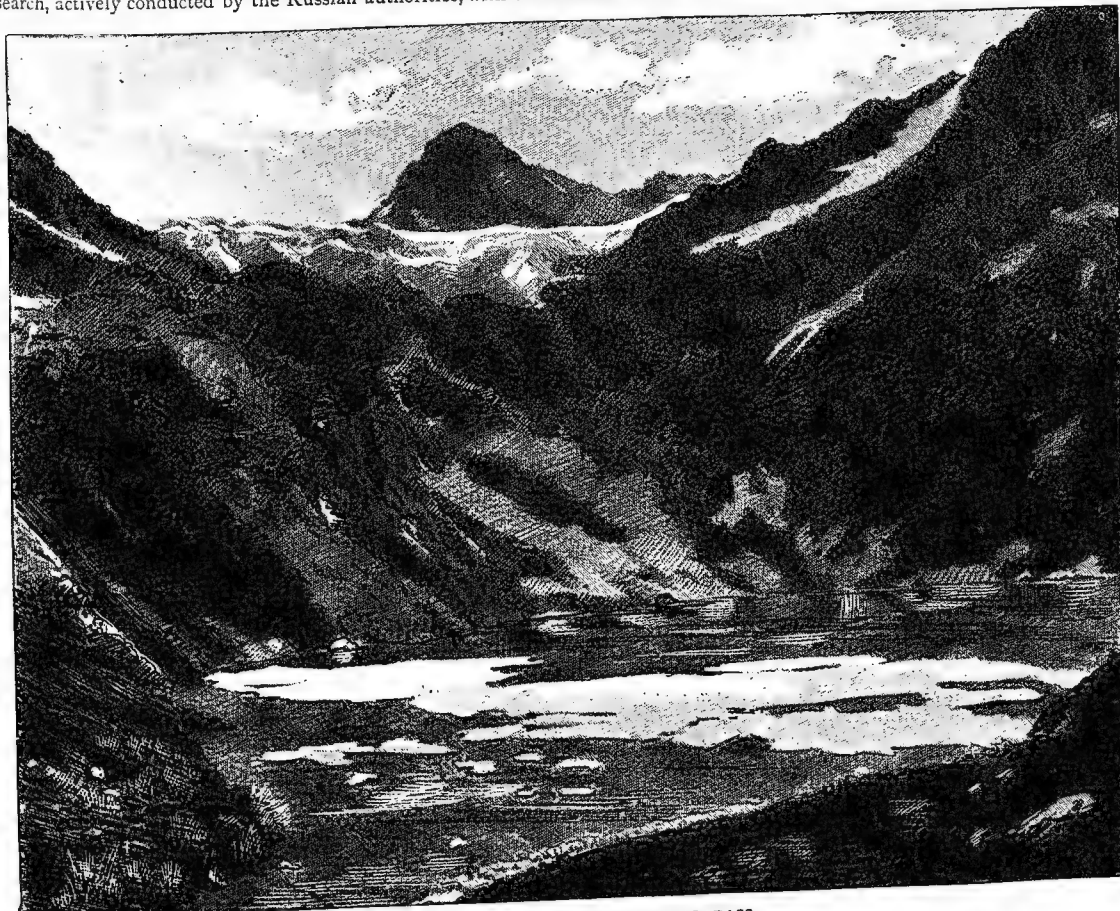
MR. H. FOX
Who lost his life while Exploring in the
Caucasus, August 1888

MR. W. F. DONKIN
Who lost his life while Exploring in the
Caucasus, August 1888

of the accident which must have overtaken them. It is certain (despite of statements to the contrary) that the weather was favourable for a week after they started. There is no risk of robbery or violence in that part of the Caucasus. The idea that they committed any imprudence in not taking native guides is absurd, since there are no natives competent to act as guides. All is conjecture, but an avalanche was most probably the cause of the disaster. A search, actively conducted by the Russian authorities, with the assistance of Mr.



AOUL CHEGHEM WITH ENTRANCE TO THE JILKISU



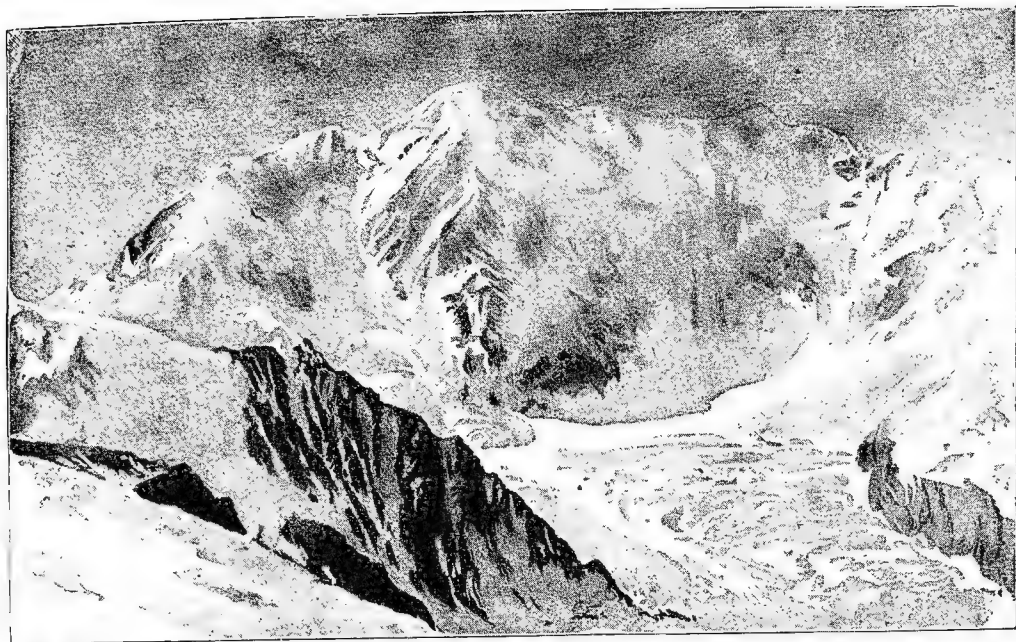
ICE LAKE BELOW THE KLUCHOR PASS

But it is the Caucasus of physical geography, "the Frosty Caucasus," that we propose to illustrate. The moment is appropriate, for it is likely soon to become familiar to our more adventurous Long Vacation Tourists. Mountains, like authors, have their vogue. In Greek days every playgoer knew of the Caucasus. It formed a background to life and to the stage. It was the highest chain, the only icy chain, in the known world; to its base Jason was sent, and on it Prometheus was chained. Then the centre of civilisation shifted westwards, the Alps became to the Romans the typical mountains, and the "inhospitable Caucasus" was thought of, if at all, as the end of the empire, the convenient barrier against the hordes of Northern Asia. Down to our own day ignorance increased. Arrian, in the reign of Hadrian, knew more of the Caucasus than some writers do in the reign of Victoria. Twenty-two years ago Keith Johnston's "Dictionary of Geography" told its readers, "The mountains of the Caucasus are not peaked as in the Alps, but are either flat or cup-shaped; the existence of glaciers is uncertain."

Since that sentence was seriously written light has spread. The tendency of the time is to discover "high places." The last century found out the merits of the seaside. Our own has found a rival health-resort in Alpine valleys and the iced glacier air. The Alps have been made both a playground and a sanatorium. Europe is not too richly supplied with such playgrounds. The Pyrenees are hardly snowy enough to satisfy our requirements. The Alps and Norway alone have had to furnish the glacier scenery and air so many summer travellers crave. It seems now that we may add the Caucasus as among the ranges accessible to Long Vacation Tourists. The foot of the range can be reached either by Moscow or Odessa in six



NOBLE LADY OF URUSBI



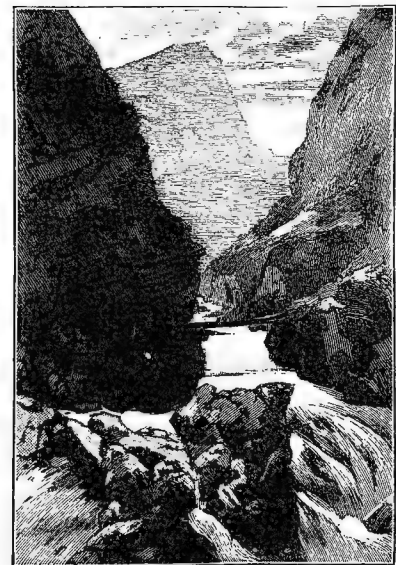
SHKARA



USHBA FROM BETSHO



ROCKS AT GUNIB (DAGHESTAN)



THE GORGES OF THE GHEREK

may, perhaps, disappoint him, for the lakeless skirts of the chain cannot compete with the delightful sub-alpine regions of Switzerland, the Salzkammergut, and North Italy. More adventurous travellers who wish to penetrate the mountain valleys must for the present lay aside all expectations based on Alpine travel, and look forward rather to a district without inns, and without carriages, where, as in Syria, tents and provisions and an interpreter are almost necessary, but where, unlike Syria, they are not always forthcoming. These difficulties, however, will doubtless diminish year by year, as more and more pioneers penetrate the country. Already this season we hear of several English.

For those who approach the Caucasus from the north side the first halting-places of interest are the Caucasian Baths, a cluster of Cossack villages, with good hotels and mineral springs, situated near a group of volcanic hills which break the rolling steppe in sight of, and some forty miles north of, the great snowy dome of Elbruz. The springs at Pätigorsk are sulphureous; the Narzan, or Giant's Source, at Kislovodsk is sparkling

days from London; railways run along its flanks from Novo Rossisk, the new Ciscaucasian port on the Black Sea, to Vladikafkaz, and from Batoum through Tiflis to Bakou, and it is as safe and easy to post across the mountains, through the Darie! Gorge, and over the Krestowaja Gora, or Cross Pass, as it is to drive over the Simplon. Along these main routes (described in Murray's "Handbook") the tourist can circulate almost as comfortably as in central Europe. But the scenery he will see

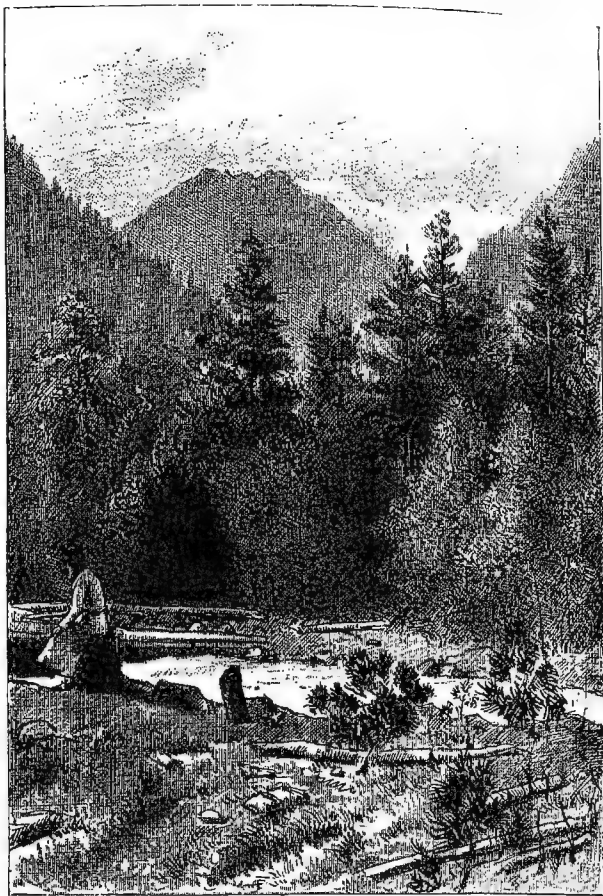
ironwater. Here during the summer months congregate, not only the cream of Russian official society in the Caucasus, but also many noble families from Moscow and St. Petersburg. The comfort of their railways leads Russians to think little of long journeys.

Halfway between the Mineral Baths Station and Vladikafkaz, a superb view of the snowy chain opens out before the traveller. On his right is the huge mass of Elbruz (18,526 feet) in the centre tower the granite peaks of Koshtantau (17,095 feet) and Dychtau (16,927 feet); away in front Kazbek, a slender pyramid 1,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, shows its pale snows against the horizon. The last wooded spurs of the chain drop suddenly into the steppe, as the Alps drop into the Lombard plain.

Only here we see no campaniles, and little cultivation, only the grassy tombs of forgotten warriors, reedy riverbeds (such as are so well described in Count Tolstoi's Caucasian novel "Les Cosaques"), and interminable flowery prairies.

At Vladikafkaz post carriages must be taken for the two days' drive to Tiflis. There are two famous sights on the road. One is the Gorge of Darie!, a savage rent between granite cliffs grand and gloomy, but not equal in variety and beauty to other less-known Caucasian defiles. The next is the view (see illustration) of Kazbek from the post station of the same name. Like Elbruz, the mountain is an extinct volcano. The remaining peaks of the central chain are mostly composed of crystalline rocks, which, as in the Alps, form the nucleus of the range. Its geology has as yet, however, been but superficially examined. Kazbek was first climbed twenty years ago by three young Englishmen with a Chamonix guide. From the north it is not more difficult than Mont Blanc, but most Russians and natives still believe it to be inaccessible.

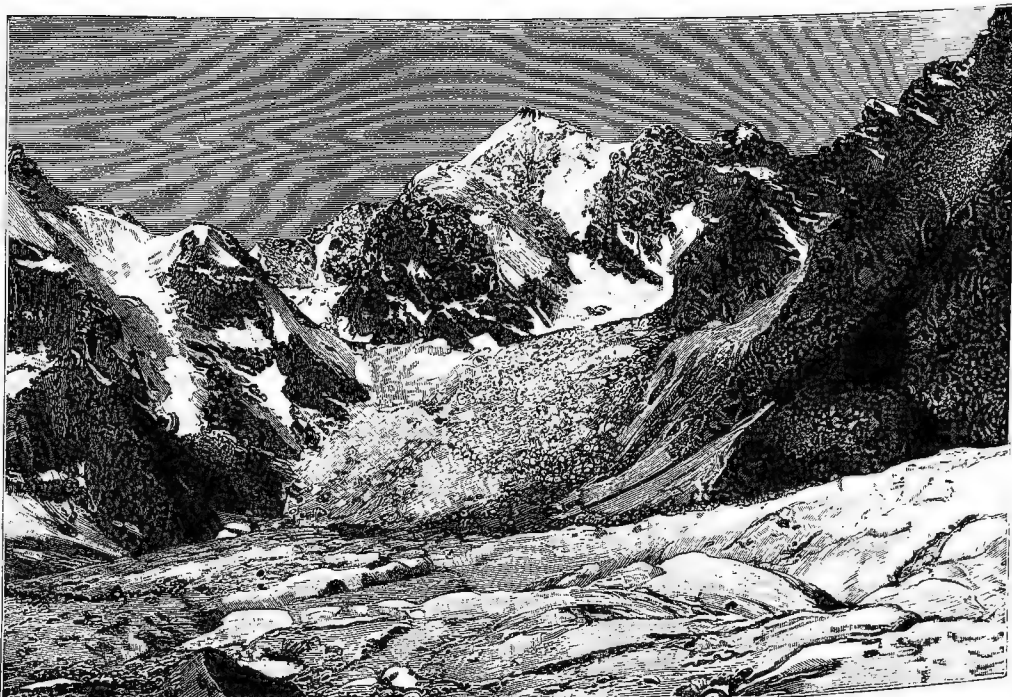
Leaving the "regular round" tourist to drive down to Tiflis, we shall here invite our readers to visit with us the wild recesses of the central chain between Kazbek and Elbruz. There are isolated snowfields and glacier groups eastwards in Daghestan, Schamyl's country, a region of bleak, bare uplands, and strange, contorted heights (see illustration); but it is in the Central Caucasus, west of the Darie!, that the more



LOOKING UP ADYL-SU FROM BAKSAN VALLEY



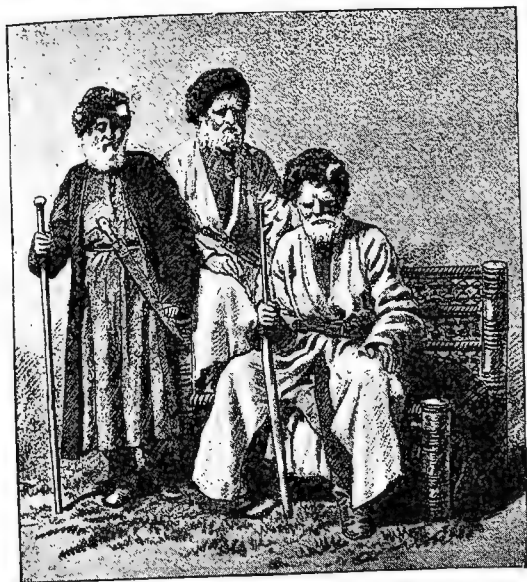
OSSETE WOMEN AT MECHTSHEK



DYCHTAU SEEN FROM THE DUMALA GLACIER

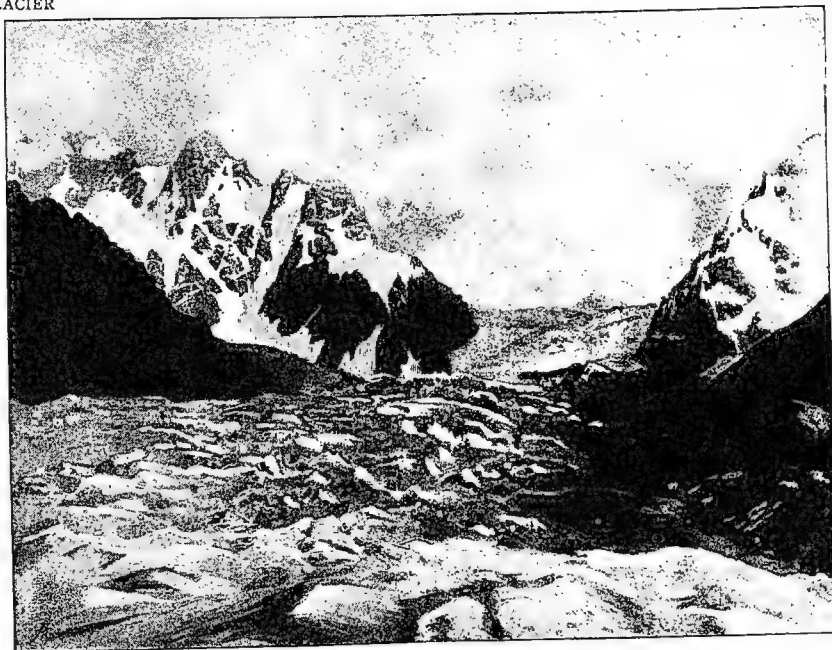


THE BEZINGI GLACIER



BAKSAN TARTARS AT URUSBI

more beautiful valleys and noblest peaks, passes, and glaciers are found. The snows are far more continuous than in the Alps. West of the Mamisson Pass (9,200 feet), a new carriage road from Vladikavkaz to Kutais, there is, for a distance of 80 miles (as far, that is, as from Mont Blanc to the St. Gothard), no gap under 10,000 feet, no pass that does not, like the St. Theodul, near Zermatt, cross snow and ice. Caucasian shepherds, however, are bolder—made so perhaps by necessity—than Alpine, and do not hesitate to drive sheep, cattle, and even horses over extensive glaciers. An encounter on a snow-field with these herds and flocks, guarded by huge dogs and sword-and-dagger-equipped Tartar shepherds, is one of the picturesque incidents so frequent in Caucasian travel. The road to the Mamisson Pass on the north of the chain traverses the country of the Ossetes, an Iranian tribe, who have lately been studied by a distinguished Russian ethnologist, Professor Kovalesky. Their language is said to resemble Sanskrit.

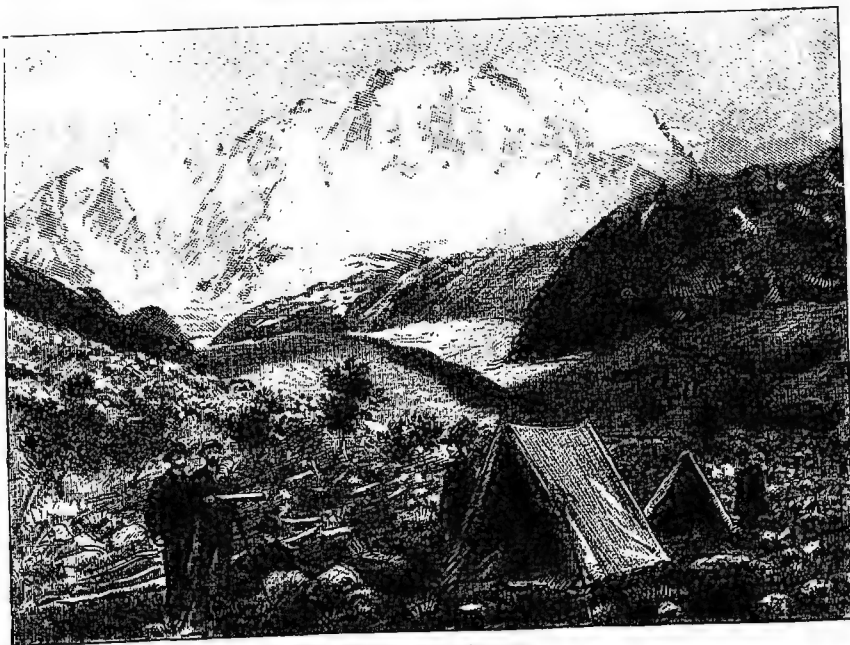


ICE FALL ON THE KARAGAM GLACIER

Pliability appears a marked characteristic of the race. A few are Mohammedans, like the Hadji, who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, shown in the woodcut, wearing a turban.



THE CEI GLACIER, SEEN FROM THE MORAINES BELOW THE FIRST ICE FALL



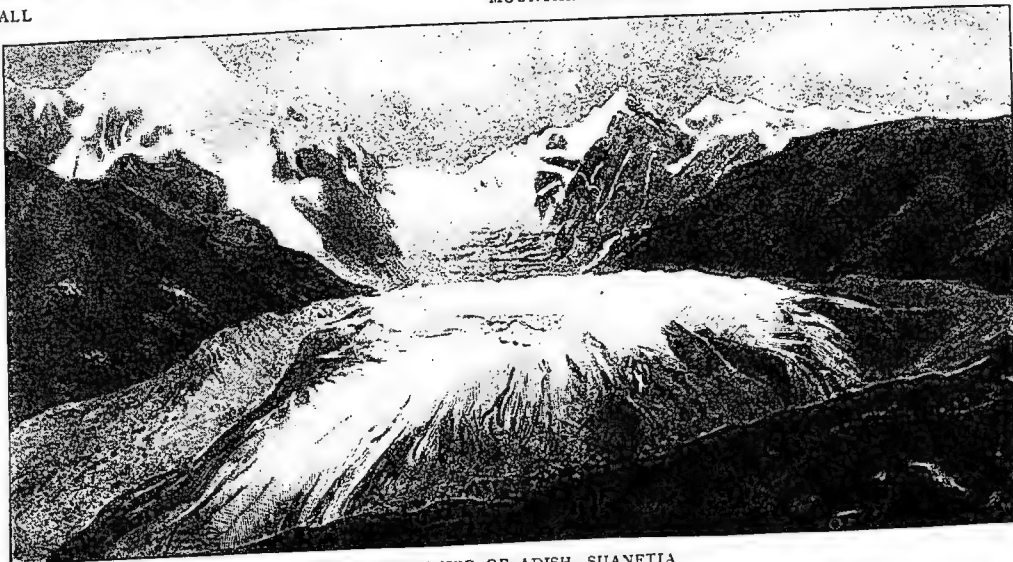
MOUNTAINEERS' CAMP



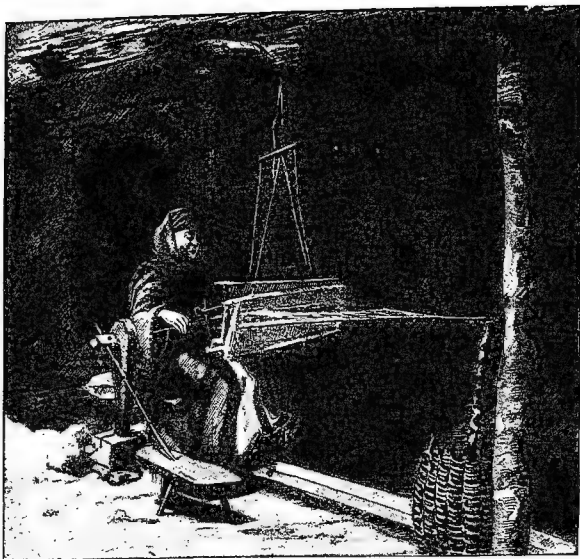
HADJI (STYR-DIGOR)

The majority, however, were nominally converted to Christianity by the Russians, to whom by their ready submission they opened the way to the conquest of the whole chain. Ossete officers now serve in the Russian army, and even lead cotillions at the hotel at Kislovodsk! The majority of the tribe wear the common dress of the Caucasus, a high sheepskin hat and light-coloured frock-coat, furnished with silver cartridge pouches. But the poorer sort appear in shapeless felt wide-awakes, resembling those in use for lawn tennis.

Immediately above the Mamisson Pass towers a great cluster of peaks, the only one of which that has been yet measured, generally known as Adai Choch, is exactly the height of Monte Rosa. On the north side fall immense glaciers, of two of which we give views. The Cei Glacier is that by which M. de Déchy ascended the peak just named in 1884; the Karagam Glacier descends lower than any other on the north side, and is one of the greatest in the chain. The



THE GLACIER OF ADISH, SUANETIA



TARTAR WOMAN AT URUSBI (BAKSAN)

ice-fall shown is nearly 4,000 feet in height, and our countrymen who, in 1868, first explored the "Frosty Caucasus" spent six hours in forcing their way through its labyrinth of towers and chasms. South of the Adai Choch group the River Rion—the Phasis of the ancients—rises in a beautifully wooded basin, ringed in by snowy peaks. But the most beautiful of all the high mountain valleys of the Caucasus is Suanetia. It is thus described by Mr. D. Freshfield, who has visited it three times:—"Suanetia is the upper basin of the Ingur, a river which flows into the Black Sea between Poti and Sukhum Kaleh. It is about the size of the valley of Aosta (forty miles by fifteen), which it in many ways resembles. Its rock-girt basin combines within its limits the two most striking elements of Caucasian scenery—mountain sublimity and sylvan loveliness; it is a paradise of our European forests and flowers. Over the sources of the Ingur towers the gigantic wall of the central chain in cliffs that dwarf even those of Monte Rosa above Macugnaga. Beside the heights of Shkara and Djanga the elegant pyramid of Tenuid shoots up to a height of about 16,500 feet." [It was first climbed by Mr. Freshfield in 1887.] "Further west, at the head of a glen where birch and ash, beech and pine mingle their branches above a dense undergrowth of golden azalea and pink or creamy rhododendrons, rise to an equal height the twin towers of Ushba, the Matterhorn of the Caucasus."

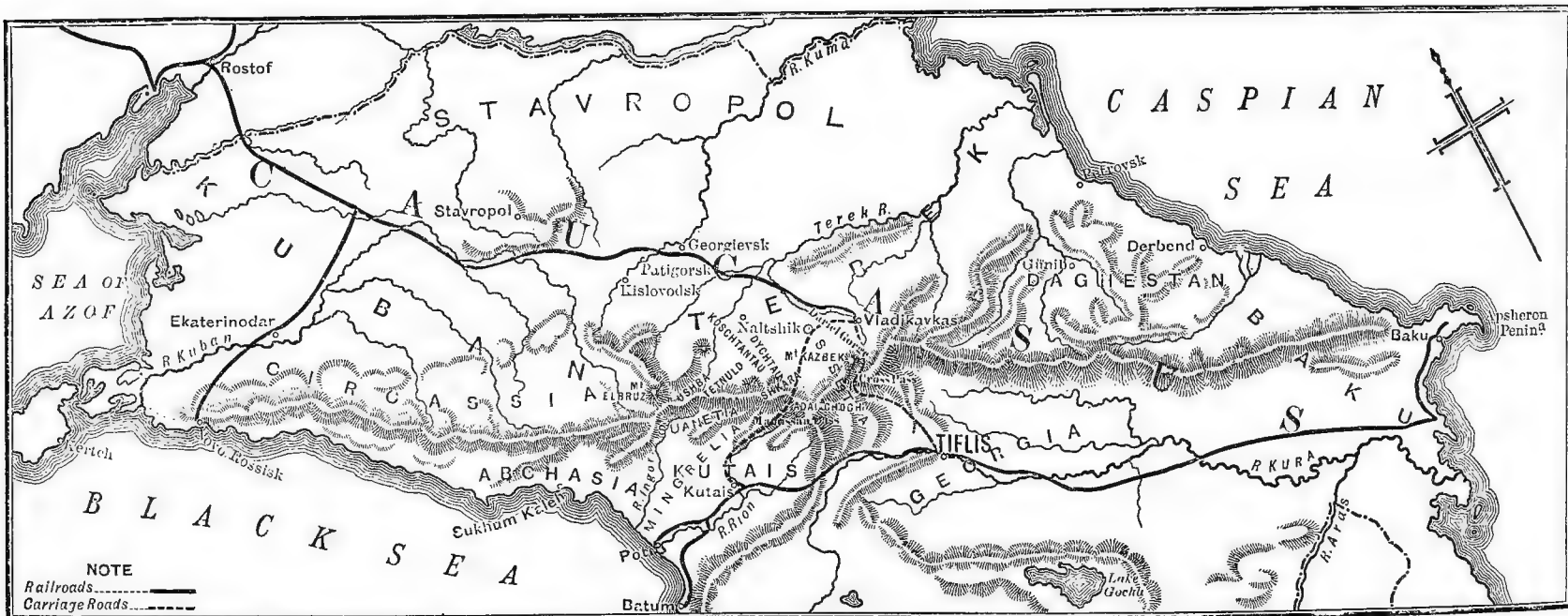
"Great glaciers pour in shining, frozen cascades from the snowy heights; others, gliding more



MOUNT KASBEK

gently from the crest of the chain, afford a passage to the Tartars of the northern valleys desirous of bartering their sheepskins for the fruit of Suanetia. Opposite the central chain, and dividing Suanetia from the outer world, runs the lofty comb of the Leila Mountains, reaching 12,000 feet, and covered also with glaciers."

The Ingur escapes through a narrow gorge at present impassable for horses between the two ranges, and such traffic as there is finds its way into the valley over a lofty ridge (9,200 feet), often closed for weeks in winter.

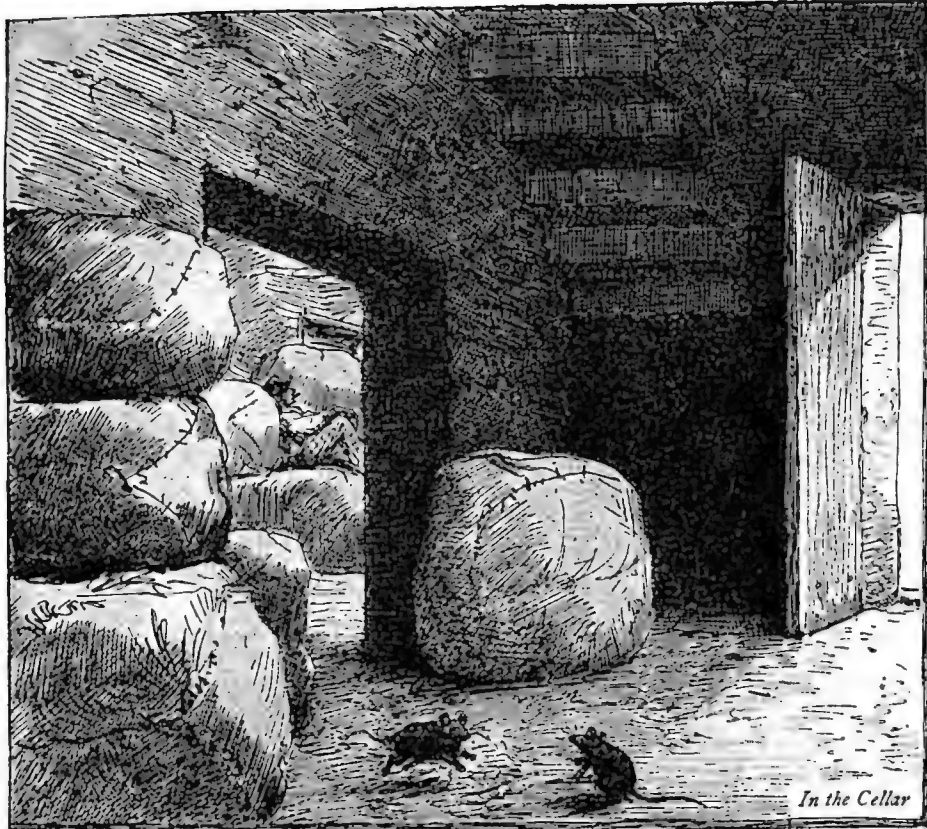


MAP OF THE CAUCASIAN RANGE



THE CENTRAL CHAIN, WITH MOUNTS KOSHTANTAU AND DYCHTAU

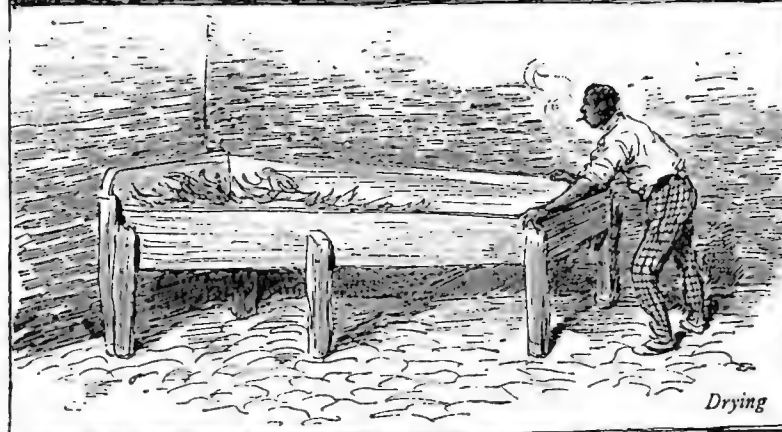
Elephant-hunting in Mysore has been most successful this year. A fresh supply being needed for the Maharajah's use, a British expert arranged for their capture in the Billigirirungun Hills, taking advantage of a gorge which could easily be converted into a trap. Whilst the elephants were away in their hill retreats during the hot weather, gates were fixed between the trees at each end of the gorge. Directly the rains set in the elephants began to pass through the gorge to the low country beyond, and as the sides of the ravines were quite precipitous, the creatures were safely secured directly the gates were dropped behind and before them. Twelve tame elephants were used for decoys, and a herd of 100 wild animals was secured.



In the Cellar



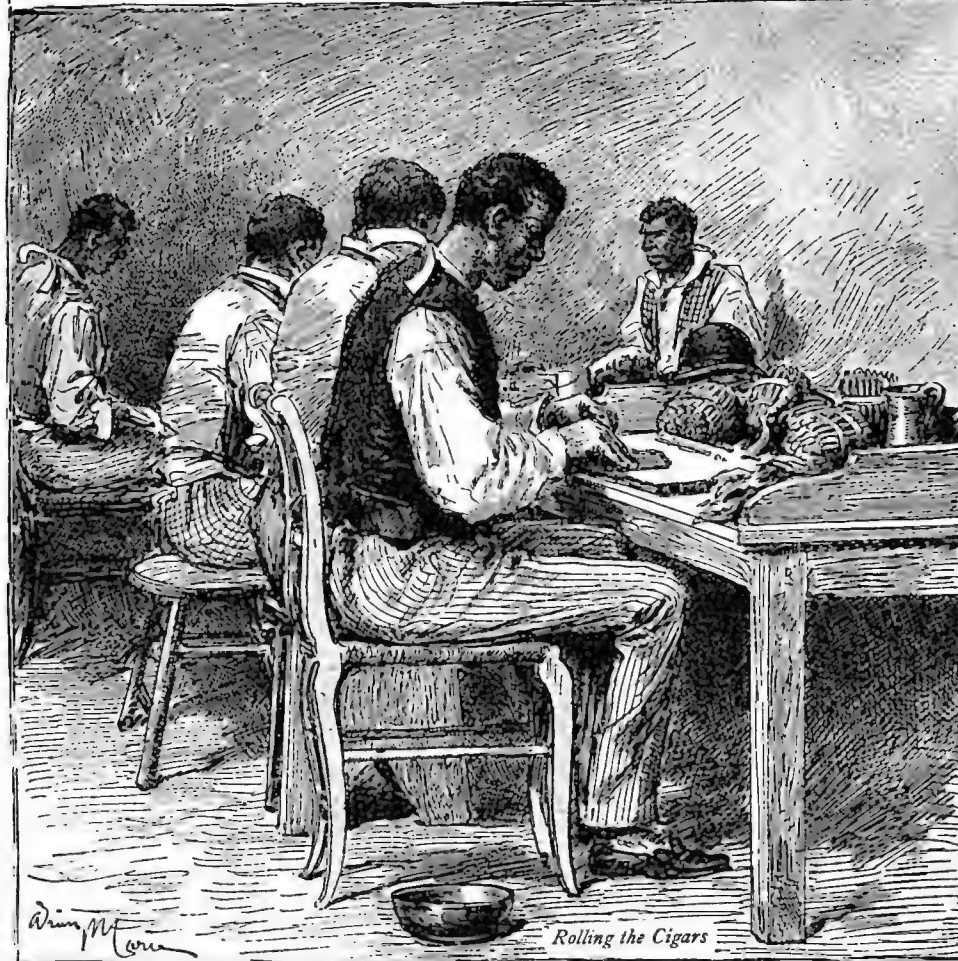
Wetting the Leaves



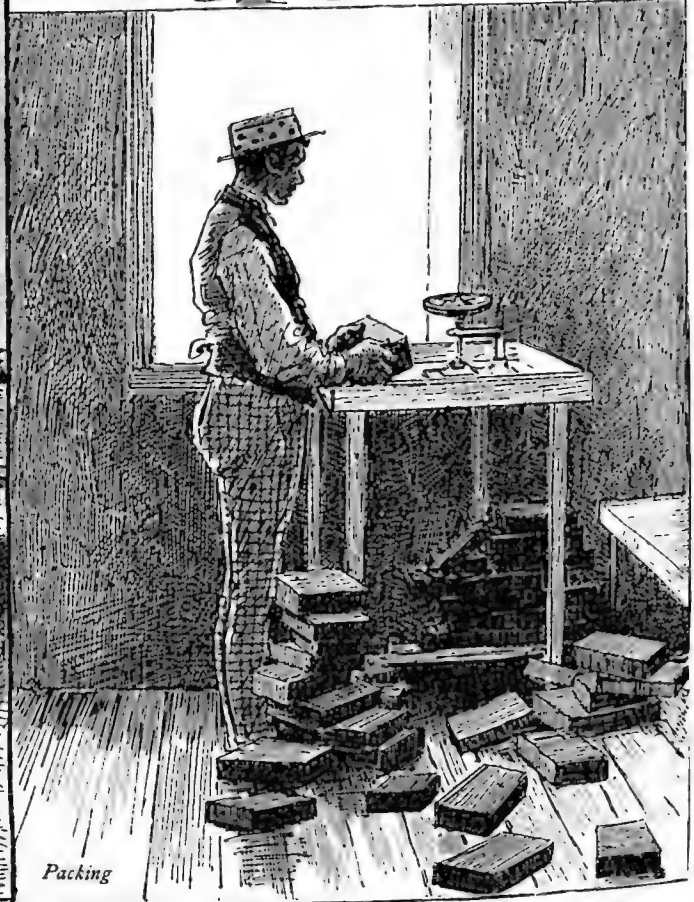
Drying



Picking

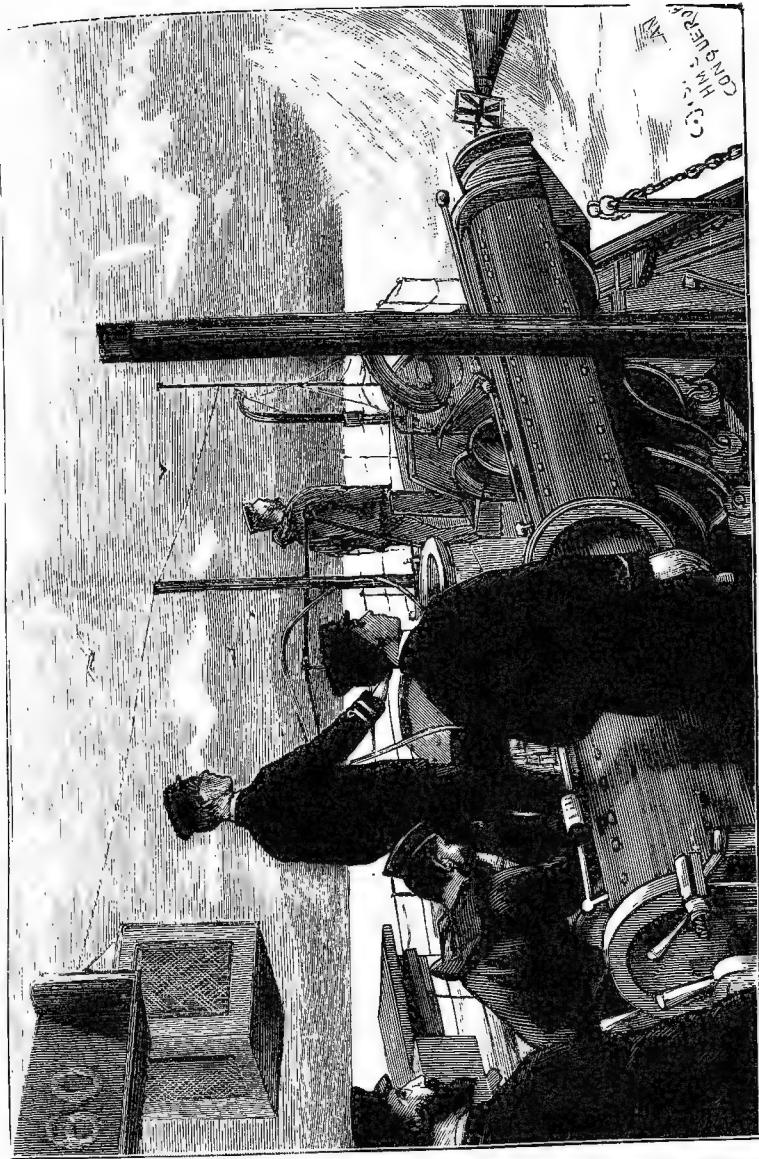
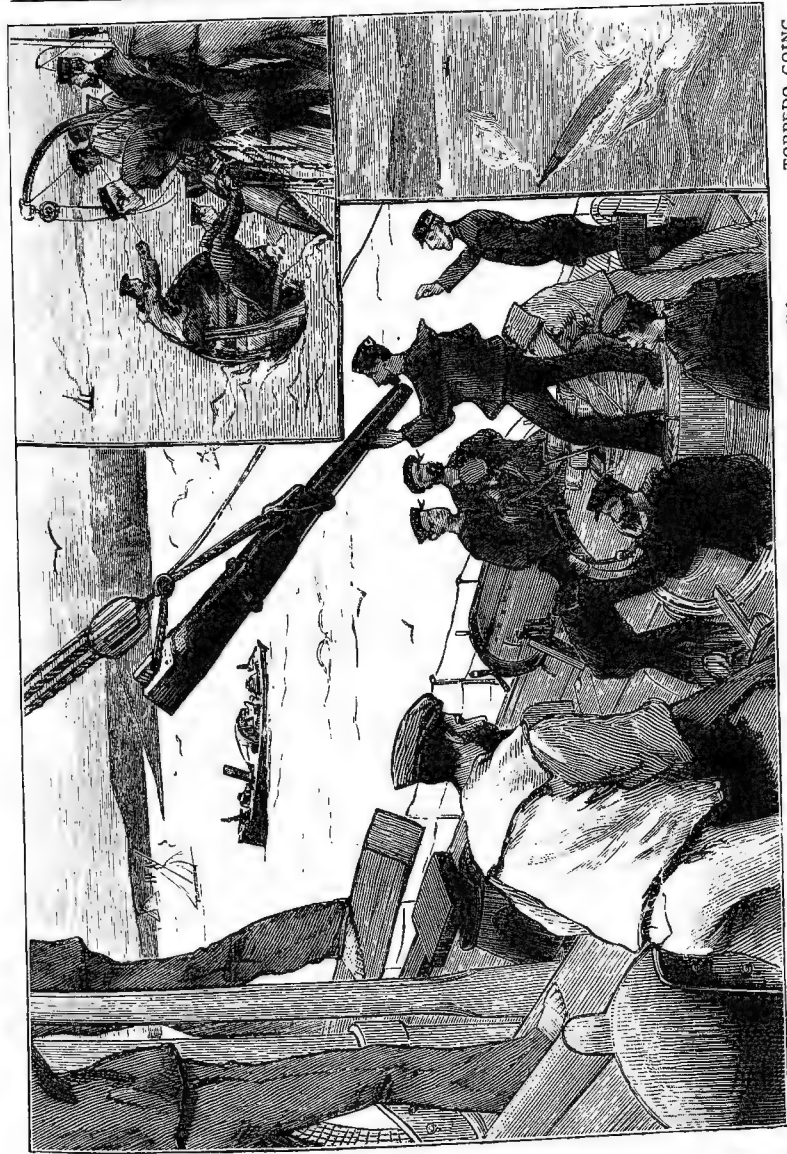


Rolling the Cigars



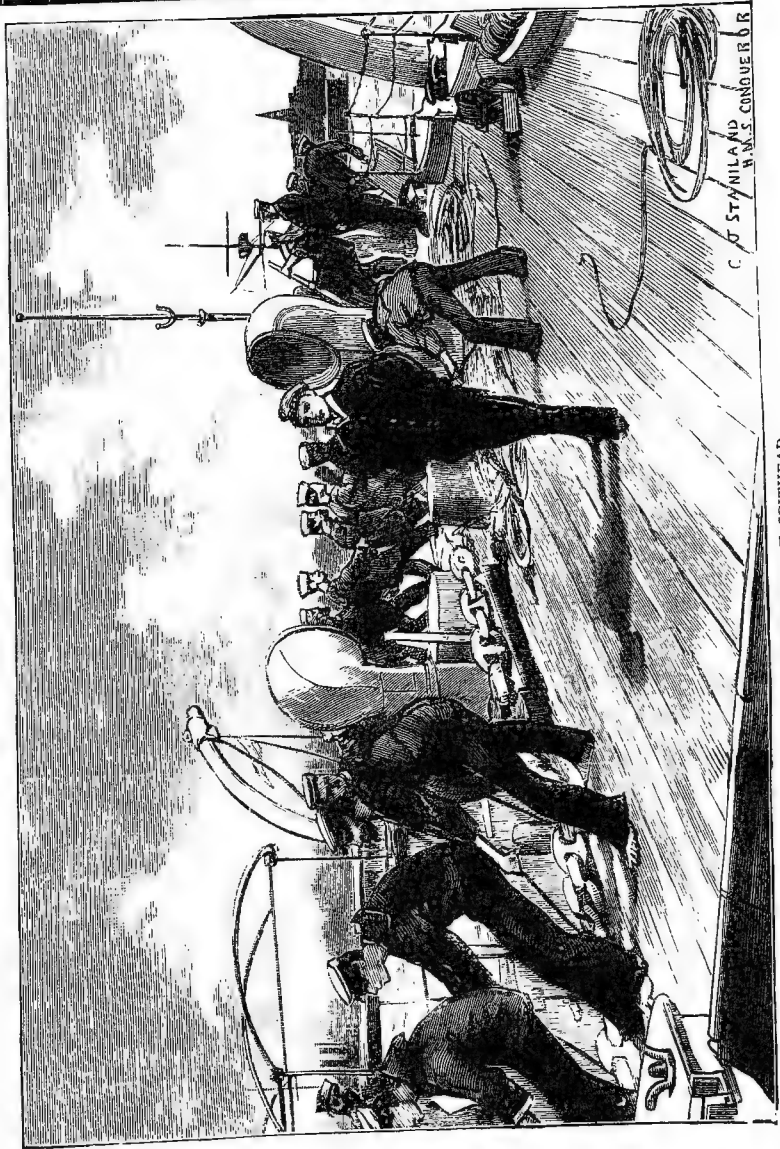
Packing

FISHING UP THE TORPEDO



LOWERING A HOTCHKISS GUN ON BOARD THE TORPEDO BOAT "NO. 60."
A TRIP IN TORPEDO BOAT "NO. 60."—FIRING TORPEDOS IN DALE ROADS

FIRING THE TORPEDO



UNMOORING AT SPITHEAD



THE COOKS AT THE GALLEY

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES



THE holiday season affects Continental politics. Even in FRANCE there is a lull after the excitement of the Boulanger trial, as all parties are gathering strength for the elections. Probably there may be fixed for September 29th, when France will express her true opinion on the verdict of the High Court. This verdict surprised no one, being, indeed, a foregone conclusion, especially as the absence of the accused entailed their condemnation to the severest penalty—perpetual imprisonment in a fortified place. But the French Government have “first to catch their hares,” and so far Messrs. Boulanger, Rochefort, and Dillon show no sign of coming within reach, confining themselves to abusive manifestoes, such as their comment on their sentence, the address “to honest people.” This document simply libels the Government, without affording any refutation of the High Court’s charges. As the General and his two adherents have now lost their civil and political rights, these manifestoes can no longer be placarded or circulated, but the Government cannot prevent their publication in the newspapers. Nothing short of a Revolution can restore the General to his former rights, unless he returns to stand his trial, when the whole proceedings would be quashed and gone through afresh. It is thought just possible that he may take this step on the eve of the elections, so as to render himself eligible, and accordingly the Government narrowly watch the seaports and frontiers to pounce upon the General directly he enters French territory. Loudly as the Boulangerists protest, it is evident that their cause has temporarily lost ground with moderate people, chiefly through the charges of dishonesty; but it has found fresh favour among the working-classes of the chief towns, who always side with any one persecuted by the powers that be. The Republicans confidently state that Boulangerism is dead, and no longer to be feared, yet their actions contradict their words, as the Cabinet are still hastily dismissing any officer or State official on the slightest suspicion of sympathy with the General. Fifty-nine officers of the regular Army and twenty-two out of the territorial forces have accordingly come under the ban. The Royalists hesitate about supporting the General any longer, and are inclined to hoist their own colours for the elections, but most of the Bonapartists are staunch. Thus, at their annual banquet on the Imperialist Fête Day the General was warmly upheld, General du Barail, who presided, expressing his firm belief that General Boulanger would assist them to restore the Empire in the person of Prince Victor. The Councils-General have met without any special incident, save speeches from prominent statesmen, recommending union and conciliation to maintain the Republic.

PARIS exults in extraordinary prosperity brought by her Exhibition. No fewer than 230,083 provincial and foreign visitors were staying in the capital last Saturday, 54,359 of these being foreigners, whereas, at the same date during the 1878 Exhibition, the number of foreigners only reached 2,412. Parisian gain is provincial loss, however, for the various holiday resorts find most of their usual visitors drawn away to Paris. However, the provincials will be consoled by the experiences of their mayors, who will return home delighted with their Gargantuan banquet at the Palais de l’Industrie and M. Carnot’s affability. The monster feast went off without a single hitch, and the 13,000 mayors were marched about Paris and entertained at the Exhibition and the Elysée to their hearts’ content. After opening a Millers’ Congress, where M. Carnot was congratulated on having founded a “République aimable,” the President has gone to Fontainebleau for a holiday. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has lost her husband, M. Damala, who died of congestion of the brain, chiefly brought on by the abuse of narcotics.

Once more the Czar’s visit to GERMANY is postponed to the indefinite future. His Majesty’s change of plans is widely attributed to jealousy of the extreme cordiality between Austria and Germany, which was shown in such a marked manner during the Austrian Emperor’s late visit to Berlin. Whether or no this view be true, the Czar cannot now come to Germany before either the middle of September or the end of October, owing to Emperor William’s engagements, and, in the meantime has gone to Denmark. Thus the German Press have again let loose their spite against Russia, and as energetically praise Austria and Great Britain, insisting on the vast political importance of the two late Imperial meetings. Emperor Francis Joseph returns home with the motto “Fidelity for Fidelity,” says the official *North German Gazette*, which is also so extremely gracious towards England as to omit all mention of the meeting of the German Colonial Company in Berlin, with its anti-British sentiments. The Company have appealed to Prince Bismarck to protect their rights against the British in East Africa, but the Chancellor, through his usual mouthpiece, the *North German Gazette*, plainly points out that German colonists are attempting what they cannot perform, and will get little help from the Government. Berlin politicians are all making holiday, Prince Bismarck himself having gone to Friedrichsruhe, while the Emperor and Empress have been at Baireuth to see the Wagner Festival Plays. Before leaving Berlin, however, the Emperor was present at the annual banquet commemorating the battle of Mars-la-Tour, where the First Dragoon Guards—now the Queen of England’s Own—so distinguished themselves. The Queen’s health was accordingly drunk, and many compliments paid to England and the English. Emperor William has paid a very important visit this week, spending three days at Strassburg, where he met with a very enthusiastic reception. Possibly much of this enthusiasm was official, but the Alsations certainly seem less aggressive towards German rule than on the last visit of an Emperor ten years ago. Emperor William’s trip had been deferred from the spring, when the suggestion of King Humbert bearing him company roused such a storm in France. His Majesty will now witness the Army Manœuvres during the next month, going afterwards to Greece for his sister’s marriage.

Affairs in CRETE have decidedly improved since the arrival of the new Governor, Chakir Pasha. Martial law having been established, and plenty of Turkish troops provided, the malcontents have quieted down, and though small conflicts still continue, the island is no longer in a lawless condition. The Turkish authorities act moderately and sensibly, with the result that fifteen disturbed villages have submitted on the promise of an amnesty, while the heads of the insurrection have sent their petition for reforms straight to Constantinople, and are waiting quietly for the Porte’s reply. The inhabitants are returning to their homes, and it is hoped will not oppose the Turkish troops reinstating the officials turned out by the rebels. Russia tried to persuade the Porte to let the foreign Consuls help in restoring order, but Turkey preferred to act alone—a decided check to Russian influence, which is generally credited with fostering the troubles. The Porte has now published its despatch to the Powers on Cretan affairs, which details the course of the disturbances, and the measures taken to re-establish peace. Like Crete, SERBIA is also more tranquil, after a panic that Queen Natalie would cause trouble by insisting on her rights. After much controversy, ex-King Milan and the Regents drew up an agreement promising that the Queen should visit her son thrice yearly, and the ex-King discreetly departed out of Serbia.

When all was arranged the Queen suddenly sent word that she was too ill to come to Belgrade at present. The decision was probably due to friendly persuasion rather than reasons of health. The expectation that BULGARIA would declare her independence on the anniversary of Prince Ferdinand’s accession was not fulfilled. It was fully justified, however, judging from the plain language of M. Stambouloff’s organ, the *Svoboda*, which openly states that the plan is only deferred as inopportune just now. TURKEY is trying to quiet ARMENIA by disarming both Armenians and Kurd—a difficult order to enforce among the unruly nomads. Their notorious chief, Moussa Bey, has not yet been tried, but many of his victims have gone to Constantinople to witness against him.

In INDIA there is much rejoicing in the Central Provinces over the capture of the famous robber chief, Tania Bheel, who has long been the terror of the country. Most of his band had been caught, but the chief himself was sheltered and abetted by many natives—indeed, one of Maharajah Holkar’s magistrates is now being prosecuted for assisting him. Finally, Tania took refuge in the village of Banbar, in Holkar’s territory, but was betrayed while sleeping by the owner of the cottage, a fellow Bheel. The commercial situation is improving, both trade in general and the railways being much more flourishing. Further, the famine prospects in Ganjam are also better. The only political item relates to Cashmere, where the Maharajah complains of losing his authority, though he voluntarily retired from active government through pure unfitness to rule. Lord Lansdowne suggests that he may eventually regain power if he reforms his ways. No further operations being intended at present on the Tibetan frontier, the Sikkim field force is being broken up, and military attention concentrates on the Lushai expedition, starting in December. General Symons will command the co-operating force from BURMA, where Mr. A. P. MacDonnell is daily expected to assume the government in the stead of Sir C. Crosthwaite, retiring on sick leave.

The manners of the Wild West still prevail in the more polished districts of the United States, judging from the recent shooting affray at Lathrop, Pennsylvania. Judge Field, the Chief Justice of California, was breakfasting at the railway station, when another ex-Californian judge, David Terry, accosted him and slapped his face. Deputy-Marshal Nagle, who was escorting Judge Field, forthwith shot Terry dead, and a most exciting scene ensued, the wife of the dead man endeavouring to stir up the crowd against Judge Field and Marshal Nagle, who took refuge in the train. Terry and his wife owed Judge Field a grudge for his decision against Mrs. Terry some time ago, when she, then Miss Hill, claimed to be the wife of the rich Senator Sharon, hoping for his property. They had threatened the Judge’s life, and Marshal Nagle was accordingly officially directed to protect him. Both Messrs. Field and Nagle were arrested on the charge of murder, but released on bail; and the Government will provide their defence in the coming trial. Another fatal disturbance was at Richmond, Texas, where the political factions came to blows, three persons being killed. Indeed, American news this week mainly consists of horrors, such as the murder of a wedding party—bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and best man—on the public road near Corvallis, Western Montana, when on their way home after the wedding; and a fatal incendiary fire at a tenement house in New York, where nine persons perished. The Chicago members of the notorious Clan-na-Gael Association have split into two sections over the Cronin case, and ventilated their differences at two grand picnics on Lake Michigan. Dr. Cronin’s friends repudiated the Irish element, and gave the proceeds of the picnic to the Committee investigating the murder, while the rival faction sent their money, as usual, to Mr. Parnell. The American revenue vessel in Behring’s Sea has seized two more British sealers, the *Pathfinder* and *Minnie*, besides searching several others.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY, the tour of the King and Crown Prince along the Western coast has aroused great enthusiasm. King Humbert crossed to Sardinia, and laid a wreath on Garibaldi’s tomb at Caprera, going afterwards to Naples and Sicily.—Rome was alarmed on Monday by a bomb being thrown into the midst of the people listening to the band on the Piazza Colonna. Six persons were injured, but the individual who threw the bomb could not be found. The Italian operations in Abyssinia are so far successful that Ras Alula has written to General Baldissera asking for peace. The Simplon Tunnel between Italy and SWITZERLAND seems at last likely to be begun through the medium of an influential body of German capitalists. Italy would provide 600,000*l.*, and possess one end of the tunnel.—AUSTRIA has celebrated her Emperor’s fiftieth birthday with special loyalty, anxious to show how his people appreciate their Sovereign’s fortitude under his late family affliction.—Important judicial reforms have been introduced in RUSSIA by the adoption of the late Count Tolstoi’s scheme of provincial administration. Peasant juries have proved so partial to all offenders against the Government that no fair verdict could be obtained, so the majority of offences will be tried without a jury at all, or by a composite tribunal of members of all classes of society, as in purely political trials. Altogether, many liberal popular measures introduced by the late Czar are being gradually withdrawn as unsuited to the Muscovite peasant character.—In EGYPT the Dervishes give no further trouble at present, so there is little news from the front. All the British troops have returned to Cairo with General Grenfell, who was welcomed back in great state by the chief Egyptian officials and the English colony.—In CHINA the Hankow-Peking railway will be begun at once, and the Chinese are beginning to consider that the construction might occupy many of the starving people. But as yet the Celestials need Europeans to design their machinery, for a steamer fitted with engines built in China has just burst her boiler on a trial trip, killing thirty of the crew.—In EAST AFRICA Zanzibar continues somewhat disturbed, but General Matthews took such stringent precautions that the Mussulman New Year Festival passed off without the expected riots. The Sultan has exiled his obnoxious Vizier, Barkashmar.—In WEST AFRICA Captain Crawford, who was accused of flogging a native servant to death, has been condemned at Freetown to twelve months’ imprisonment for manslaughter.



THE QUEEN is now in Wales. Before leaving Osborne Her Majesty witnessed the closing yachting festivities in the Isle of Wight, and, with Princess Beatrice, walked through Ryde to inspect the fancy-dress procession during the Regatta “Night Carnival.” The Queen also gave a musical evening at Osborne House, where the Princess of Wales and daughters, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, with other guests, joined the party to hear Messrs. Wolff, Hollmann, and Ganz perform respectively upon the violin, violoncello, and pianoforte. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne again dined with Her Majesty on Saturday, and next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service at Osborne, Canon Prothero officiating. On Monday the Queen held a Council, attended by Lords Salisbury and Cranbrook and Sir H. Ponsonby, and gave

audience to the two Ministers. Lord Salisbury also presented Hadji Mohammed Khan, British Legation Agent at Kermanshah, Persia, and remained to dinner. The Princess of Wales and daughters, several officers from the Royal yachts joined the Royal circle, when the band of the Marine Light Infantry played before the guests. Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry and Princess Alix of Hesse, left Osborne on Thursday night, and was driving thence to her temporary residence, Palé Hall. In the afternoon the Royal party would visit Bala, receiving addresses, bouquets, &c., and taking tea with Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn at they go to Wrexham, driving in semi-State from Ruabon, and will receive a hearty welcome. On Monday Her Majesty visits Llangollen, going first to see Sir Theodore and Lady Martin at Bryntysilio, and being greeted on the way by 1,200 school children. The Royal party will next pass through Llangollen, the route being lined by the Welsh Fusiliers; and thence drive ten miles through the Vale of Llangollen and the Glyndyfrdwy Valley to Corwen, going back to Palé by rail. Tuesday will be devoted to shorter excursions, Prince and Princess Henry going to Barmouth for the Princess to lay the foundation-stone of a new church; and in the evening the Royal party leave for Balmoral, where the children of Prince and Princess Henry have already arrived.

The Prince of Wales remains at Homburg, and is already better for the change and rest. The Empress Frederick and her daughters with her future son-in-law, the Greek Crown Prince, and the Duke of Cambridge, are also at Homburg, and are constantly with the Prince. On Monday the Prince with the Empress Frederick and her daughters visited the Duke and Duchess of Nassau. The Princess of Wales and her two younger daughters remained on board the *Osborne* at Cowes till Thursday, when they left for Denmark.—Princess Louise of Wales and the Duke of Fife received a most enthusiastic welcome home to New Mar Lodge, escorted by pipers and tenantry, entering through a triumphal arch of blooming heather. Their carriage broke down on the road, and they had to proceed in a borrowed conveyance.—When Prince Albert Victor visits India this year, he will make the entire tour of the country. Landing at Bombay about November 12th, he will go first to Poona and Hyderabad, down to Madras and by sea to Calcutta. Thence he proceeds up the valley of the Ganges to the North-West Provinces and the Punjab, through Rajputana and Baroda back to Bombay, which he leaves for England in March. The Prince will also witness the manœuvres at the Cavalry Camp of Exercise.—Prince George arrived at Greenore, Ireland, in his torpedo-boat on Monday.

Prince and Princess Christian and daughters left England for Germany on Monday.—Princess Louise follows shortly for a course of the waters at Marienbad, and goes thence to Switzerland.—The Duke of Edinburgh, with Prince Philip of Coburg, has been to Wilhelmshöhe to see the Sporting Exhibition.—The Empress Frederick will not visit Scotland this autumn, as Her Majesty is going to Athens early in October for her daughter, Princess Sophie’s wedding. It is stated that her youngest daughter, Princess Margaret, has been betrothed to the Hereditary Prince of Nassau, future Grand Duke of Luxemburg, who had already been mentioned as a desirable match for the youthful Princess Wilhelmine, future Queen of the Netherlands. The Princess is just seventeen, and her fiancée is many years her senior. Emperor William will shortly visit his mother at Homburg, all family differences having been removed during his late trip to England. He has annulled the family statute requiring the Empress to live in Germany altogether, and she in return has given up all the Emperor Frederick’s papers, including the famous Diary.—The Shah of Persia has been staying at Baden-Baden, whence he visited Heidelberg and Karlsruhe. On Saturday he went to Stuttgart, and on Monday visited Munich on his way to Vienna for two days’ stay. He leaves next Monday for home *via* South Russia.



ARCHDEACON FARRAR’s recent suggestion for the establishment of an Anglican Brotherhood has been followed up by a Southampton clergyman’s submission to several prelates of a scheme for an Order of St. James. The Primate declines to give an opinion on “projects and plans which are at present so indefinite.” The Bishops of Chester, Lincoln, and Southwell are more or less favourable to the scheme.

IT IS PROPOSED, the *Record* says, to raise an Annuity Fund in memory of the late Mrs. Ryle, wife of the Bishop of Liverpool, in connection with the Ladies’ Bible and Domestic Mission, in the work of which she took the deepest interest.

THE REV. J. H. SCOTT, the Rector of Spitalfields, referring to remarks made by the Coroner, in the case of the last East End murder, on the demoralised condition of his parishioners, says that the remedy for it is to be found not in more church accommodation, but in the presence of “men and women with consecrated lives, content to work under regularly constituted organisation, avoiding spasmodic effort on the one hand, and overlapping on the other.” A residence for them in the parish is much wanted, and the Rector appeals for 2,000*l.* to purchase suitable freehold premises for this purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of Rochester has directed that the ancient and beautiful church of St. Saviour’s, Southwark, shall be open daily from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.—Thanks to the Poor Clergy Holiday Fund, instituted by Bishop Maclagan, when Vicar of St. Giles’s, nearly a hundred grants of from 15*l.* to 20*l.* each were made last year by the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex to give the deserving East-End clergymen opportunities of rest.—The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has given financial aid for the endowment of a Lectureship on Church History in the Dioceses of Newcastle, Durham, and Ripon, to which the Bishop of Durham will annex an honorary canonry of his cathedral.—Mr. Gladstone has subscribed 20*l.* towards the completion of Truro Cathedral.—The Church Association has received 7,000*l.* of the 10,000*l.* which it asked for the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln.—The incumbent of Christ Church, Battersea, has resigned his living because he cannot conscientiously minister in a pew-rented parish church.—Cardinal Manning, as usual, took the chair at the Roman Crystal Palace on Monday at the annual festival of the Catholic League of the Cross, of which he is President. In the course of his address the Cardinal intimated that the next Total Abstinence Conference, under the auspices of the League of the Cross, would be held in Cork, the native town of Father Mathew.—Mr. Edward Terry has, it is said, accepted an invitation from the Secretary of the Church Congress to read, at its October gathering, a paper on “The Amusements of the People.”—Mr. Spurgeon, preaching to a crowded congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday, said that we got too much new theology nowadays, that we must “down with heresy,” and hold on well to the old Calvinistic orthodoxy.



LORD ESHER, Master of the Rolls, expresses himself, in a letter to the *Times*, very strongly in favour of the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. The appeal to it, he thinks, should be as large as possible on law, facts, and sentence, and it should be empowered to use any means it may deem desirable to assist it in arriving at a right conclusion. It should also be allowed the consideration of mercy arising from such circumstances as youth, extreme sickness, intolerable, though not legal, exasperation, and despair. On the other hand, and through the same journal, Lord Bramwell intimates that he has the strongest possible objection to the establishment of such a Court.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON was the scene of a shocking tragedy on Monday morning, when J. Lachmann von Gamsenfeld, editor of a German periodical published in London, the *Londoner Zeitung*, shot himself after murdering a woman and a little girl who had accompanied him on a short visit to Shakespeare's town. Mother and child appear to have been shot while in bed asleep. At the coroner's inquest the landlady of the house, where they had been lodging since the previous Thursday, said that Lachmann appeared very dull on Sunday night, and that the murdered woman told her she was a concert-singer. For purposes of identification the inquest was adjourned until Wednesday week. It is said that only a halfpenny was found on the bodies, and that the murderer and his victims appeared to be on very affectionate terms.

ROBERT WEST, a travelling showman, murdered his wife, apparently in a fit of jealousy, by cutting her throat on Saturday, last week, at a village near Sheffield, and forthwith surrendered himself to the police. At the inquest, when a verdict of wilful murder was returned against him, he maintained a callous demeanour, expressing thankfulness that the deed was "done and over."

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF FRAUDULENT IMPOSTURE, up to a certain point successful, has been disclosed by investigations into the antecedents of Ernest Norton Rolfe, who was committed to the Manchester Assizes for obtaining 21*l.* from the Director of the Blackpool Winter Gardens by pretending to be Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the well-known war correspondent, and in whose name he presented a letter of introduction purporting to be signed by Mr. G. A. Sala, who said that the writing was not his. By means of a letter of introduction, presumably forged, from an American acquaintance of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, he procured from Mr. Austin Chamberlain an introduction to a Birmingham bank, from which he obtained 50*l.* on a "bogus" bill, and by personating Mr. A. Chamberlain himself he received change for an American bill in return for a small purchase from a St. Alban's firm of orchid collectors. Among other stratagems by which he obtained money, he passed himself off successively as Major Rhodes of the Royal Dragoons, as the captain of Lord Dorchester's yacht, and as the master of Lord Brassey's famous *Sunbeam*. His chief failure, and that which led to his detection, was his attempted personation of Mr. Melton Prior, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Rolfe is said to be wanted by the New York police.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, who had been convicted and punished for fraud, larceny, and desertion from the army, was brought up at Bow Street Police Court, charged with having failed to report himself to the police. After being lost sight of for some time, he was discovered in Guernsey, where, under the name of the Reverend St. Clare Glenwood, B.A., he was officiating as a clergyman, and had started a "bogus" mission, which he termed "The St. Luke's Christian Mission to Cabmen and 'Busmen, &c.," and for this he received subscriptions in the island. In remanding him, Mr. Vaughan told him that he had been "guilty of the most awful hypocrisy."

A GLIMPSE OF STAMBOUL

HAVING steamed into the harbour of Constantinople at an early hour on a Friday morning, we had lost no time in carrying out the programme which the customs of the place prescribe for people whose arrival occurs on that day of the seven. We had gone to see Sultan Abdul Hamid II. drive across the road from his palace-gate to the adjacent Hamidiye Mosque, between double rows of drawn sabres and regulation shouts of *Padischah tschok Ayescha*. We had attended the Tékké in the Grande Rue de Pera, where the dancing dervishes were engaged in their weekly *reductio ad absurdum* of the valse—and we determined to shun the performances of their howling brethren, which we have reasons to believe transcend “the quaint grotesque,” and verge upon the repulsive, if not “the grandly awful.” We had also ascended the round Tower of Galata, and had looked at the view out of each of its fourteen windows, though, as we inadvertently took them in the reverse order to that ordained by our guide book, we at first got our points of the compass rather mixed. And then, in the natural sequence of events, we should have proceeded down the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters of Europe, that favourite holiday resort of the native population. But, as Chaucer very justly observes, “Selde is the Fryday al the wyke i-like—sothly for to telle, now it schyneth, now it reyneth faste;” and this particular Friday saw fit to draw towards its close in a chilly drizzle, which compelled us to postpone that portion of the programme.

programme.

It was on a fine Sunday afternoon that we took a *kaik* at the north end of the motley-crowded Sultan-Valide bridge, which connects Galata with Stamboul. The *kaiks* which ply upon the water-ways of Constantinople are pretty and well-appointed little craft, their paint is fresh and clean, and they are comfortably lined and cushioned with brilliant oriental-looking fabrics. Our boatman, a good-looking young Turk, whose becoming pink and white costume was wonderfully spick and span, brought us swiftly and skilfully to our destination, though towards the end, as the channel narrowed and the crowd thickened, some dexterous steering was needed in order to avoid collisions. The Golden Horn is a fissure, probably volcanic, which resembles the Bosphorus upon a small scale, severing Galata and Pera from Stamboul as the latter does Europe from Asia. But, unlike the Bosphorus, instead of having a sea at either end, it dwindles away to the north-west between the banks of two little confluent rivers, which, even when they have joined their forces, form no considerable stream. These are the Sweet Waters, and the pleasant green valley through which they flow is called the Vale of Kiathané, a name with a romantic ring about it, but signifying nothing more nor less than "Paper-manufactory," a dissonance of sound and sense which the translator's utmost art can scarcely harmonise. Here the Sultan has a large landed estate, and two elaborate *kiosks*, now, like a score of others, unvisited and falling into decay; and here along the shady avenues, over-arched by stately trees, is the fashionable promenade of Mohammedan Constantinople.

Sunday, of course, offers a less favourable opportunity for studying the humours of the place than does Friday, the weekly Festival, when all the Turkish ladies resort hitherto to enjoy a few hours of comparative liberty. Still, as this was Easter, which season all

creeds alike seem impartially to recognise as a secular holiday, we found a goodly assemblage gathered at the Sweet Waters.

Deep rows of boats lined the banks of the river, which is here not broader than the Cam at Trinity Bridge, and their cargoes were for the most part deposited upon luxurious rugs and mats and cushions, making gaudy gleams about the roots of the tall plane-trees. Endless processions of equipages, varying from the most severely European to the most picturesquely Oriental, were driving up and down, carriages of the former type containing the women-kind of great personages and high officials, whose rank forbade them to mingle with the "general."

These ladies may perhaps have looked out with some envy at their less exalted sisters, who were apparently so thoroughly enjoying themselves over cigarettes and other refreshments, enlivened by the strains of itinerant musicians. We can truthfully say that in neither class many instances of striking personal beauty met our notice, although, sumptuary laws notwithstanding, any that was present could be observed with small let or hindrance through veils whose tenuity varied in direct proportion to the good looks of the wearer, the maximum density being attained in the case of elderly negresses. A tall negress draped and veiled in black silk, as were several that we saw here, is indeed a spectacle whose murkiness much ink would fail to adequately reproduce. It should be remembered, however, that the *feredsché*, even when constructed of the gayest hue and richest material, is an essentially undecorative attire, resembling nothing so much as a bathing-gown, not assuredly one of those fanciful compositions to be seen on Breton strands, but the uncomprehensibly hideous garment familiar to readers of ancient *Punches*. Its main features are that it makes amorphous the most graceful figure, and blows out into grotesque balloons at every passing gust.

As we strolled with these profound reflections through a throng on foot and horseback, representing every grade of society from Beys and Pashas to sweet meat-sellers, fiddlers, and miscellaneous mendicants, we came to a place where a denser crowd had drawn together round the nucleus of some remarkable object. This was a close carriage, fortunately empty, which had been overturned, and lay on its side in the dust. That such an accident, the only one of the kind which we witnessed in Turkey, should have happened on a broad and perfectly level bit of road, seemed strange to us, in whom memories were still rife of the precipitous-ploughed-field track between Scutari and Kadikœui, and of the promiscuous steep-leaping indulged in with perfect impunity by the coachman who had driven us to the Okmeidan; nor were we able to compile from the polyglot comments of the bystanders any satisfactory explanation of the catastrophe.

Having passed this scene of excitement, we saw in the distance what looked like two old women engaged in violent equestrian exercise. As we approached them, however, we perceived that they were managing their steeds in an altogether un-old-womanly fashion, and a still nearer view showed us that they were two Arab horse-dealers, in flowing burnouses, taking occasion to exhibit the paces of their stock-in-trade, a pair of splendid little greys, who, like Pigwiggan's charger, "scarce could stand on any ground, they were so full of mettle."

When we had sufficiently watched their evolutions, it was time for us to start upon our return voyage, which was accomplished amid increasingly picturesque effects of light and shadow, as the day verged towards sunset. By garden-wall and gallery we glided, and by marble palaces with gates and balconies flagree fine. We passed Turkish cemeteries on the hill-sides, fenceless and desolate, the fez-topped stones sticking up like the necks of corked bottles; and we passed quaint wooden houses overhanging the water's edge, reminding you at once of Chester "Rows" and Venetian canals. Then the city rose up on either hand, and we were rocked more frequently in the wake of passing steamers, until we had left behind us the marine arsenal, where a large portion of the Turkish Fleet was undergoing repairs; and, shooting beneath the deserted Old Bridge, arrived, a mile further on, at the place from which we had set forth.

In the streets the Christian populace were still discharging firearms and letting off crackers; and at our hotel, a Greek establishment, the occasion was celebrated by the appearance of a lamb roasted whole in the *salle à manger*, where a party of American ladies were enthusiastic about a reception held that morning by the Patriarch of Constantinople—a more fortunate Prelate than his predecessor, Gregorios, who, on an Easter Day exactly sixty-eight years earlier, was hung outside his church-door after Mass, by direction of the Turkish Government.



THE TURF.—Chitabob's success at Redcar last week has had a good deal of effect upon the St. Leger market. Mr. Perkins's horse has been backed at as little as 11 to 2, and, as a natural consequence, Donovan has receded a little. Early last week the bookmakers would look at nothing less than 2 to 1, but this week the supporters of the Duke of Portland's crack have been able to get "on" by laying as little as 13 to 8. More light, however, will be thrown upon the great race if Chitabob should, as is rumoured, run in the Great Yorkshire Stakes on Thursday next. For the Great Ebor Handicap, to be run on Wednesday, King Monmouth, who has the top weight of 8 st. 12 lb., was, at the time of writing, in greatest demand. It is stated that the proof-sheets of Mr. Ernest Benzon's forthcoming book, "How I Lost 250,000 in Two Years," have been "feloniously purloined." In that case we may shortly expect to see extracts from it in one of the "live journals" of the day. Mr. John Hammond was called upon by the Stewards of the Jockey Club last week to explain his having given a large present after the 1884 Cambridgeshire to Charles Wood, who rode Sandiway in the race, which was won by Mr. Hammond's Florence. His explanation was not regarded as satisfactory, but no further action is to be taken.

There was racing on Thursday and Friday last week both at Windsor and Paisley. At the former Whistle Jacket, who is turning out very useful in his old age, won another race for Mr. Milner. Shamrock II. scored a popular victory for the Prince of Wales in the Boveney Plate, and Signorina retained her unbeaten certificate in the valuable Berkshire Plate. Her winnings now amount to the respectable total of something more than 8,000*l*. At Paisley Wynyard won a couple of races for Mr. T. Green, while Rigadoon won the Silver Bells Handicap for Mr. Councillor, who will for the next year, therefore, hold the "Silver Bells" (dated 1620), which are lent to the Race-Committee every year by the Corporation.—At Deauville, on Sunday, the Grand Prix fell to Baron de Schickler's Le Sancy, Galaor, who won last year, being second. Ténébreuse did not compete.

At Stockton, on Tuesday, the principal events were the Stockton Handicap, won by Countess Lillian for Mr. R. Osborne, and the Wynyard Plate, which Lord Zetland's Margarine secured. Lord Zetland was to the fore again next day, when his Pinzon landed the Great Northern St. Leger from Workington and L'Abbesse de Jouarre, and his Fontainebleau won the Hardwicke Stakes. The racing at Dunstall Park, Wolverhampton, does not call for any remark.

CRICKET.—The Surrey men have been suffering, apparently, from their annual fit of "staleness." Failure to hold catches was chiefly responsible for their heavy defeat by Lancashire, who beat them last week by eight wickets. Sugg (50 and 44, not out) did best for the winners, and Lohmann (25 and 66, both not out) for the losers.—A similar inability to catch also enabled Gloucestershire to make 20 against them this week. Mr. Cranston, who made 111 (not out), gave two chances early in his innings.—Gloucestershire had the best of their match with Notts last week at the end of the first innings; but in their second innings could only make 60, and Shrewsbury and Flowers knocked off the necessary 75 for the Midlanders without losing a wicket.—Poor Sussex succumbed to Kent, and Warwickshire beat Somersetshire; but rain caused the match between Middlesex and Yorkshire to be drawn when it was in a very interesting condition.—Rain also prevented the decision of the match between Yorkshire and Notts, the former having rather the best of the draw; but Lancashire beat Kent in an innings, and Derbyshire Essex by ten wickets.—Bombardier Barton did a smart performance at Chatham on Saturday. He carried his bat through both innings for his side, making 66 and 106, both not out, out of totals of 102 and 130.—Frank Hearne, the popular Kent and Marylebone professional, has accepted an engagement in South Africa, and leaves in October. A subscription is being raised for him, under the auspices of the Mote Park Cricket Club.—Mr. C. A. Absalom, who was in the Cambridge Eleven from 1866 to 1869, and who afterwards played for Kent during several seasons, has lately died in Trinidad, from the effects of an accident, at the early age of forty-three. A graceful tribute to his memory from Lord Harris appeared in the papers on Tuesday.

YACHTING.—*Irex* and *Valkyrie* have been having a series of tussles in the Solent. At the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's regatta, last week, *Irex* secured the Rear-Commodore's prize, over the Victoria course, doing the distance (about 50 miles) in the very fast time of 4h. 15m., but *Valkyrie* turned the tables upon her conqueror in the Town Cup. *Irex*, however, renewed her supremacy in the Commodore's Cup, *Valkyrie* meeting with an accident to her bowsprit; but, at the Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta, Lord Dunraven's cutter "came again," and carried off the Albert Cup from her doughty opponent.

SWIMMING.—The Salt-Water Amateur Championship (distance a quarter of a mile) was swum for at Portsmouth on Saturday. The winner was W. Henry, of the Zephyr Swimming Club.—The 500 yards (Fresh-Water) Championship was won on Monday, at Bristol, by J. F. Standing, half-mile champion, who also belongs to the Zephyr Club.

THE RING.—The most interesting item of news under this head is the conviction of J. L. Sullivan, and his sentence of twelve months' imprisonment. It is expected that Kilrain will get the same. Meanwhile Sullivan has appealed, and has been released on bail.—Smith and Slavin, the Australian champion, are skirmishing for a match, but at present it does not look as if any business would result.

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. Kibblewhite did a magnificent performance in the Mile Handicap at the Finchley Harriers' Sports on Saturday. He was on the scratch mark, and there was a gigantic field of runners, 170 or so. Running, however, with any amount of dash, he managed to get through, and eventually won in the splendid time of 4m. 23 1-5 secs.—Mr. A. M. Donaldson, of the Edinburgh Bicycle Club, rode last week from the Modern Athens to the Modern Babylon in 2 days 6 hours and 50 minutes. Pretty good that for 400 miles.

A SINGULAR CAUSE OF BANKRUPTCY was recently alleged by a Victorian firm of graziers—a scourge of grasshoppers. The insects had so completely devastated the land, that the owners became insolvent.

A FIGHT FOR A WIFE has just come off between two young Dutch farmers on the northern border of Cape Colony. They were pretty equal in the lady's favour, so decided to settle the question by their fists. However, after struggling for two hours, neither could beat the other, and so the fair maiden herself must decide between them.

THE POPE'S INCOME amounts to 480,000*l.* yearly, exclusive of special gifts like those of his Jubilee Year. Peter's Pence provide two-thirds of the amount, the remainder being the interest of various investments. As the Papal expenses rarely exceed 220,000*l.* His Holiness retains a good annual surplus.

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY is devoted to mountaineering, and spends her summer holidays in the Alps, making long and difficult ascents. She has been staying at Gressonay, in Piedmont, under Monte Rosa, to scale the Lys Glacier, on the western slope of the mountain, climbing some 9,200 feet, first on mule-back and then on foot. Now she has gone to Zermatt to ascend the peak from the Swiss side, and is staying on the Riffel Alp. She also proposes to attempt the Breithorn. Another energetic feminine mountaineer, Madame Leclaire, has just been up the Grand Pelvoux, in South-Eastern France, only one other lady having made the ascent. Mont Pelvoux is over 13,900 feet high, and quite as difficult as many famous Swiss peaks.

THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN is growing a fine boy, and looks the picture of health as he romps about the sands at San Sebastian, where the Queen and her family are now staying. He is a thoroughly jolly child, ready to talk to anybody, in defiance of rigid Court etiquette. Indeed, he will not call the various grantees of his household by their titles, but uses their Christian names. He was at Mass one Sunday recently with his mother, sitting in a small reserved gallery, when, during the most solemn part of the service, he espied at a little distance one of his great favourites, the head of his military household, General Cordoba. The juvenile sovereign at once called out, "Hullo, Johnny, look here, Johnny," much to the scandal of the congregation. Every morning Alphonso XIII. comes out on the Palace balcony to see the guard changing, and if he notices any children watching him, he cries, "Good-bye till to-morrow, I must go in, for mamma is waiting." Though only three years old the King has a good ear for music, and is always whistling.

whistling.

THE JUBILEE OF PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY has been celebrated this week by the meeting of the Photographic Convention under the presidency of Mr. Andrew Pringle, at St. James's Hall, where a good and representative collection of photographs and photographic appliances have been on view. The proceedings of the Convention, in addition to some good optical lantern displays, and the reading of many interesting papers, have included various excursions up and down the Thames, and especially to Windsor and Hampton Court, where permission for the members to photograph was accorded by the authorities. In his inaugural address, Mr. Pringle remarked that almost exactly half a century ago Daguerre's process was fully divulged to the Paris Académie des Sciences, while at the same time, Faraday described to the Royal Institution Talbot's process of photogenic drawing. After tracing the history of photography during the past fifty years, Mr. Pringle asked "What science was there that could now dispense with photography? Certainly no practical science. The astronomer needed it, the mechanic needed it, the microscopist called upon it, the physiologist and the pathologist appealed to it for help. The artist had learned many lessons from it, and would learn more."



THE writing of "Three Generations of Englishwomen" (2 vols. : John Murray) must have been to Mrs. Janet Ross a work of great pleasure and peculiar interest. It happens that Mrs. Ross had for mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother three distinguished women. Of these three women—Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff-Gordon—Mrs. Ross now publishes the memoirs and correspondence. A more interesting book of the kind has not been published for a long time. The Taylors were during the last century one of the best-known of the literary and artistic families which gave to the town of Norwich a peculiar reputation. John Taylor, one of the members of this house, was a poet and a yarn-maker, and in 1777 he married a Miss Susannah Cook, the first of the ladies of whom Mrs. Ross gives us the history. Mrs. Taylor was a woman of remarkable independence of character, and her house at Norwich was the resort of many of the most cultivated men and women of the day. One of Mrs. John Taylor's seven children was Sarah, who married John Austin, author of the "Jurisprudence," and early friend of James and John Stuart Mill. Mrs. Austin was the most interesting of the three women, through whom Mrs. Ross takes her descent. The third was Lucie, afterwards Lady Duff Gordon, the only child of John and Sarah Austin, and mother of Mrs. Ross. The lives of these three ladies cover a considerable period. They knew every one worth knowing in the intellectual world of their day, and their correspondence (especially that of Mrs. Austin) was extensive and varied. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of a biographer to have the pick of the correspondence of well-known men and women for three generations. The earlier chapters introduce us to Mrs. Barbauld; the latest to Richard Doyle and Tom Taylor. There are interesting letters (many of them never before published) from Mr. Gladstone, Carlyle, Prevost Paradol, Barthelemy St. Hilaire, Heine, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and many more. There are besides many letters written by Mrs. Austin to Guizot and other eminent Frenchmen—all clear, and all throwing light on the questions of the hour in home and foreign politics and literature. The book, indeed, is one which may be very cheerfully read and enjoyed.

"Art in the Modern State" (Chapman and Hall) is the somewhat misleading title of an important and erudite work by Lady Dilke. The book does not discuss the general question of Art and the State; it deals merely with the rise and fall of Schools of Art in France, from the time of Richelieu to the Revolution. This is a large subject, and it is handled by Lady Dilke with great ability. Her knowledge of the period is very full, and there is seldom any ground for dissenting from her judgments. The first chapter studies the ideas of the Renaissance as opposed to those of the "Grand Siècle," and an exposition of Richelieu's policy leads up to the "organisation of the Academy as a literary police." After Richelieu came Colbert, who placed the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in command of the State manufactures. From that point onward the development of the Academy, and its influence on painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, is carefully traced. The chapter on Engraving is one of the most complete and the most interesting, and the account of Le Brun and the decorators of Versailles is also admirable. Lady Dilke concludes by showing that "modern democracy is the protest of the Renaissance against the crimes which stifled it politically." Some interesting appendices add much to the value of a book which is a serious and learned contribution to the study of a great subject.

"Indian Life, Religious and Social," by John Campbell Oman (T. Fisher Unwin), is a series of interesting papers by an inquiring and unprejudiced European who has had plenty of opportunities of studying his subject. Mr. Oman is Professor of Natural Science in the Government College, Lahore, and he has taken pains to acquaint himself as far as possible with the inner life and thoughts of his Hindoo and Mohammedan fellow-subjects. He has less than the ordinary Anglo-Indian prejudices, and he writes with pleasant candour. There is not, perhaps, very much to be learnt from the book; and some parts of it—such, for example, as the exposition of the Buddhist Creed—might well have been omitted. But to those who know little of Indian life the book will be amusing and interesting. The chapters on Yogis, Mahatmas, Witchcraft, Possession, and so on, are worth study. Mr. Oman naturally puts aside as mythical all the stories of supernaturalism in connection with these subjects. He admits that he was completely cheated by the very clever conjuring of a Brahman fortune-teller, and that the Yogis understand the art of self-hypnotisation. The account of the present state of the Brahmo Somaj at Lahore is interesting; so is the account of the visit to the most sacred spot on earth, Buddh Gaya.

The little wave of "occultism" in literature which made its appearance a short time ago has not yet receded from our shores. People still write with solemn faces of "the influence of the stars," and so on. This recrudescence of belief in astrology, like the homage paid to "the Royal House of Stuart," is a harmless little fad which has its uses in stimulating drawing-room talk at dull parties. Here are no less than three new books dealing with various phases of the occult:—"The Grammar of Palmistry," by Katherine St. Hill (G. Redway); "The Principles of Astrological Geomancy," by Franz Hartmann, M.D. (Theosophical Publishing Company); and "The Influence of the Stars," by Rosa Baughan (G. Redway). Miss St. Hill's little book gives the elements of the subject clearly and briefly. The book may be used as an elementary text-book before going on to the study of more advanced works. Diagrams of lines on different hands are given, and the whole scheme is very clearly worked out. Beware of the persons with the thumb inclining inwards. It indicates avarice and selfishness. "Astrological Geomancy" is the "art of divining by punctuation." "Man," says Dr. Hartmann, "is at once a mineral, a plant, an animal, and a god;" and by "practising the art of Geomancy in that state of mind and feeling which brings man nearer to the perception of the truth, the Intuition may reach the reasoning Intellect." The book is full of funny little diagrams, from which every man can tell his own fortune without the trouble of seeking out a gipsy and crossing her hand with silver. "If Geomancy was a truth once, it must still be true," says Dr. Hartmann. Perhaps; but was it ever a truth? Miss Baughan has written on these subjects before; and her "Influence of the Stars" is an attempt to expound astrology clearly and simply. From astrology she leads on to chiromancy and physiognomy, and finishes up with a chapter on the significance of the moles of the body astrologically considered. Moles on the soles of the feet or heels, if the person bearing them was born when the sign Pisces was in the ascendant, are sure signs of honours and dignities. Miss Baughan's book is distinctly interesting, and it attempts to give a history of the science of astrology.

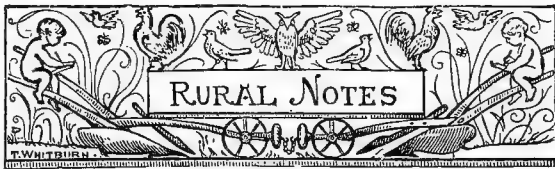
Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's book "Stageland: Curious Habits and Customs of Its Inhabitants" (Chatto and Windus) is one of the funniest bits of fooling we have seen for a long time. It is really admirable. The conventions of the stage, especially in the realm of melodrama, are quizzed with a searching humour which is irresistible. No one can read the book without laughing aloud at every page, and the excellent drawings of Mr. J. Bernard Partridge add greatly to the effect of pleasure which the little work must create. This is the best work Mr. Jerome has yet given us.

The Society of Authors has lately been paying a good deal of attention to the literary pension-list, and Mr. W. H. Smith has been heckled both by letter and in the House of Commons as to the distribution of this portion of the Civil List. Mr. W. M. Colles has done valuable work in his "Literature and the Pension List" (H. Glazier, 95, Strand). He has gathered together an immense amount of information, and his researches show very clearly that there is ample room for improvement in the system of distributing literary pensions. The book is a valuable basis on which the Incorporated Society of Authors can work.

MINOR BOOKS.—The complete prose works of Ralph Waldo Emerson is the most recent addition to the "Minerva Library of Famous Books" (Ward, Lock, and Co.). The critical introduction, including a succinct biography of Emerson, is written by Mr. G. T. Bettany, M.A., B.Sc.—Members of the Masonic Craft will view with interest the publication, by Messrs. Spencer and Co., Great Queen Street, of "Constitutiones Artis Geometriæ Secundum Euclidem," a facsimile of the early poem on Freemasonry, from the original MS. presented by King George II. to the English nation in 1757. The MS. is the oldest genuine record of the Masonic craft extant, tracing the history of the introduction of Masonry into England in the time of "good King Adelston."—The third number of "Travel, Adventure, and Sport" (Blackwood) includes, amongst others, an interesting article by Mr. George A. Macmillan, "A Ride Across the Peloponnese."—A good deal of interest will attach to the current number of "Our Celebrities" (Sonnenschein), as it contains excellent life-like portraits of the Shah of Persia, the Comte de Paris, and the Duke of Fife. Mr. Walery, the well-known photographer, now looks after the editing of this periodical.—The Bishops of Winchester and Lichfield and Canon Mason form the subjects of this month's "Dignitaries of the Church" (Hatchard). The photographs are all in Mr. Samuel A. Walker's best style.—Poultry breeders should welcome the appearance of a new edition of Mr. William Cook's Practical Poultry Breeder and Feeder" (E. W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane), as the many valuable directions on management, feeding, &c., contained in the work cannot fail to prove serviceable to all who keep fowls, whether for pleasure or profit.—Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. publish a "travellers'" edition of their "Gossiping Guide to Wales." Great improvements have taken place in this edition in the maps and plans, which now number thirty-four; and several other important additions have been made, including a list of pleasant excursions, &c., and a full and classified index.—"The Year-Book of Commerce," edited by Kenric B. Murray (Cassell and Co.), is an important commercial work, appearing this year for the first time. The object of the book is to show the movement of the foreign trade and general economic position of the leading countries of the world. Among the more prominent features of the work are tables of international trade relating to the exports of various countries to the United Kingdom, Germany, France, and the United States, and an amount of statistical and other information relative to the home industries and foreign trade, Bank-rates during 1888, London markets, and many other commercial items, which will be found extremely useful to business men.—The new edition of the "Railway and Commercial Gazetteer" (McCorquodale and Co.) is before us, containing a complete list, arranged in alphabetical order, of every town, village, parish, &c., in Great Britain, with the distance from London to each, and through-rate routes; and also the line of railway, locality, population, and nearest station in each case. This is one of the most complete conveyance directories we have seen.—Messrs. W. A. and K. Johnston have added Asia to their "Modern" series of Library Maps. The map is executed with clearness and accuracy, and being drawn to a large scale, is admirably adapted for reference.

A JAMAICA TOBACCO FACTORY

MANY of the cigars sold in England as Havanas are made in Jamaica, but when they are made (as in Mr. Machado's factory, which turns out half a million cigars yearly) of Cuban tobacco and by Cuban workmen, there does not seem much deception after all. Let us first glance at the cellars. These large musty-smelling bales full of dingy-brown leaves contain raw Cuban tobacco; the product of Jamaica is packed in great wooden boxes. In these cellars the rats enjoy a fine time. Brought up from the dingy cellars, the musty-flavoured leaves are next put into tubs and steeped in cold water, after which they are transferred to drying-stands, which look like bedsteads. The dried leaves are then placed in heaps before boys, who pick the backbone out of the leaf with a swift dexterous tug, strewing the floor with long brown twigs. The leaves, now without backbone, go to the little tables of the cigar-makers, who are finished workmen. They roll them with neat, deft fingers, and at an almost incredible rate. They look like groups of men playing some musical instrument. Each man is allowed to smoke as much as he likes. They roll the torpedo-shaped cigar with a good leaf, and cut it into two. They heap the cigars into bundles of a hundred, tied with a gaudy ribbon, generally yellow. Last of all comes the packing-room, full of thousands of the brown cedar-boxes one knows so well in connection with cigars. Once in these boxes the cigars look much as we know them at home.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. Haldane M'Fall, West India Regiment, Jamaica.



THE SEASON.—Everybody says of this year's wheat-crop that it is very irregular and very difficult to estimate, yet the estimates which have been published in the leading agricultural papers show less than usual divergency of views. The fine sowing season, the favourable winter, and the dry March gave the wheat plant such a first-rate start that a rather adverse April did not make any great difference, and when the weather became bright in May, after about the 13th, very high hopes were formed. Both the earing and the blooming periods in mid and late June were extremely favourable, hot and calm. A crop of thirty-two bushels to the acre was a general estimate, and the exceptions were optimistic, there being a few authorities who predicted a regular "bumper" year. Since St. Swithin, as we all know too well, the weather has "gone back" upon farmers very badly. Perhaps one-third of the whole wheat crop has been laid, and much of the laid corn is badly twisted as well. It now seems unsafe to reckon more than thirty bushels to the acre, which, on the acreage declared in the Government Returns just published, would be 73,500,000 bushels for Great Britain. If a million bushels be added for Ireland, a total crop of 74,500,000 bushels will be the result. The West and the North have yet to get their wheat in, and a large portion of the Midlands, with Lincolnshire and North Norfolk, report a still uncompleted harvest. Fine weather for the next fortnight may, therefore, do a good deal, and warrant an additional million bushels being placed to the credit of 1889. The Irish estimate, in default of full advices, is also very low, but probably the best that can now be expected for the United Kingdom is an out-turn of 76,000,000 bushels.

THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS just issued by the Privy Council—next year these returns will be issued by the new Ministry of

Agriculture—show a decline of 114,648 acres in the area under wheat. The low prices of last autumn must be credited with having caused this decline, for the sowing period was favourable. Of barley the acreage is increased, but only to the small extent of 36,253 acres. Even this augmentation is rather surprising, for the poor quality and low price of last year's barley was one of the most disappointing features of a generally disappointing season. Oats are not changed in favour. The increase in the acreage is only 6,569 acres, or 0.2 per cent. Potatoes somewhat unexpectedly show a falling-off in hops there is also a diminution, but this was expected. Foreign imports and the risks which require a large capital behind the hop-growing farmer are two influences which have diminished the hop-acreage 10 per cent. within the last two years. The total area under these five crops is: wheat, 2,449,589 acres; barley, 1,212,814 acres; oats, 2,888,821 acres; potatoes, 579,259 acres; and hops, 57,754 acres. The number of cattle is 6,140,045, of sheep 25,634,091, and of pigs 2,510,938. All these figures show an increase; but, a larger increase in the number of cattle having been generally predicted, the return has been received with a feeling almost of disappointment. The returns of pigs do not include those kept by cottagers, as the forms are only issued to those who are entered in the census lists as "farmers."

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL is somewhat too much in evidence, and the Councils of the Counties too little; they seem modestly to shrink from letting us know what they are doing. It may be hoped that the decentralising powers of the Local Government Act will furnish local samples of good management that may react upon the great centres. The Country Party may teach the Town Party some useful lessons in public economy and management.—Some counties took the initiative in the matter of muzzling dogs, and did not wait to let the Imperial Privy Council do local work—at local expense.

FREE TRADE BARGES BRINGING COMPRESSED STRAW AND HAY from Holland and other countries are bringing to Chelsea and other riverside Thames districts some very undesirable immigrants, in mosquitoes that sing and sting through these summer nights. The type is a very venomous one, and, under a good microscope, has a diabolical visage that would discredit any native English insect.

THE MILK FROM A GOOD COW should measure up five hundred and fifty-two gallons per annum, according to the records kept by Mr. Edmund Gilson, of Saffron-Walden; where in excellent meadows capital animals, carefully fed, live out their happy lives, and as we have seen them add much to a delightfully pastoral landscape. The main dairy stock are Shorthorns. For Red-Polls, as milch-cows, Mr. Garrett Taylor claims superiority in the quality of the milk produced, whilst the quantity given, four gallons a day and upwards, ranks this breed amongst the best of these islands.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM, in the reports published, seems to have many hard-working Jewish families who would, it may be supposed, require the cheapest food obtainable in our London markets. They can hardly do so, however, if for conscience sake they only eat the best meat obtainable. Lately a well-known expert in food supply made the statement, speaking in relation to the Live Stock and Dead Meat Supply of London, that 40 per cent. of the animals slaughtered were in some way, and in some part, affected with such disease as would cause their flesh to be refused by Jews! Of course such rejection implies higher prices paid for the best without blemish, but the statement is a startling one for health-officers to consider.

IF BOOK-LEARNING can help our farmers, they ought to be improving their position. To favour various breeds there are, as given in the *Live Stock Journal* Almanack, the Jockey Club, the Shire-horse Society, the Cleveland Bay Horse Society, the Suffolk Stud Book Association, Clydesdale Horse Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Select Clydesdale Horse Society of Scotland, the Hunters' Improvement Society, Hackney Stud-Book Society, Yorkshire Coach Horse Society, and now ponies are to have their book. For cattle, sheep, and pigs there are about a score of special books; dogs demand twenty-four societies, whilst poultry and pigeons form a flock of fluttering fanciers, each liking their special breed.

THE DEED IS DONE, and a Minister and Ministry of Agriculture—or President and Board—have been added to Government Official Departments. Perhaps this action has decided the Royal Agricultural Society of England to make a new departure, and become more alive than it has been to the wants of rural interests. Whether from coincidence only or from a tonic administered by Whitehall, the Royal Agricultural Society are about, so it is said, to issue their Journal quarterly instead of half yearly, and have appointed an assistant-secretary to help in the work undertaken. Mr. R. H. Rew, Secretary of the Oxford Agricultural Society, is the new officer and gentleman selected, young in years but ripe in experience, inferring that there are heads in the management of the Society, who know where to find the best man for the work wanted.

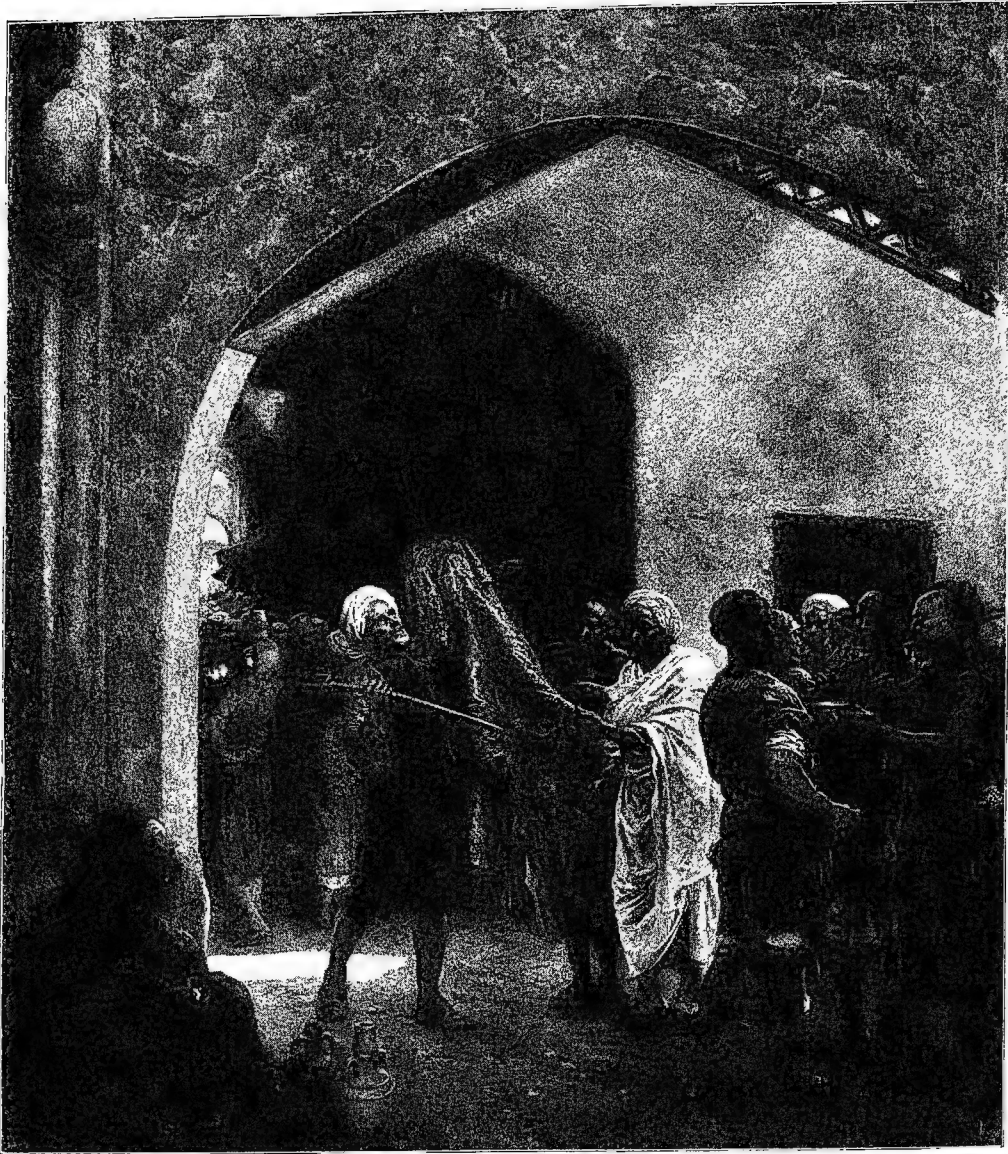
IN KENT, NEAR SITTINGBOURNE, HOP-PICKING began last week, and in most Kentish and Sussex districts gathering is expected to commence this week. Barley and hop harvest together. Only a poor yield of inferior hops is expected, although there are some good exceptions. The acreage this season extends to 57,754 acres, compared with 58,594 acres in 1888, and 63,706 acres in 1887.

SOWING.—Winter tares are now very cheap, and, as they make a general purpose crop, it is likely the early stubbles will get a good area. All farmers like a crop of oats and tares, but until ensilage making was understood, the difficulty of making hay, or of consuming the crop on the farm, reduced the cultivation.

THIS WEEK PARIS, at its International Grain Trade Meeting, is to tell us what is all the world's harvest.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VII.

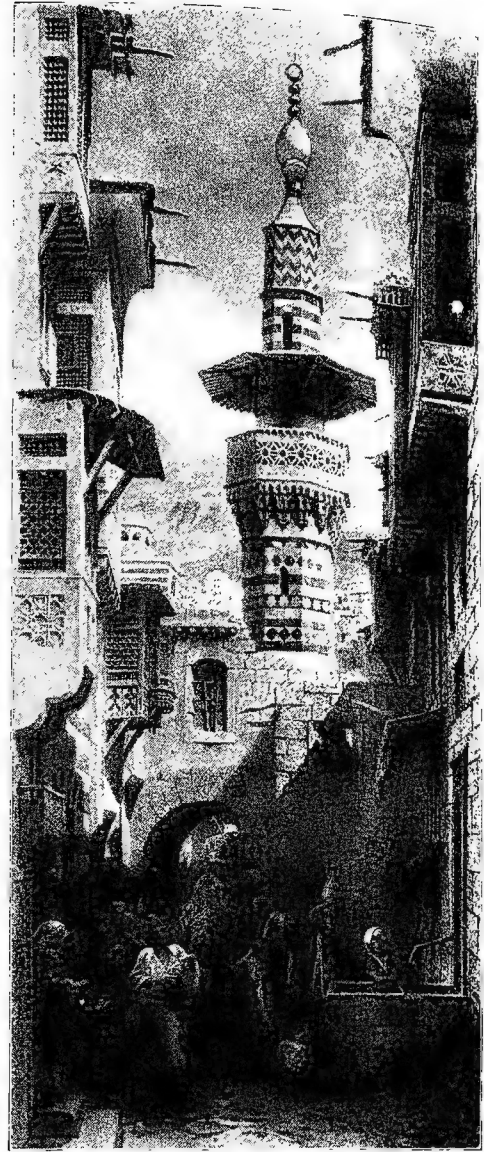
MR. J. E. HODGSON is scarcely so mirthful as he used to be in his earlier days, when he was wont to intensify the humour of merry Jack Tars by painting them in the midst of a crowd of solemn Moslems. But in his "Bazaar at Tetuan," there is plenty of careful characterisation, showing how keen are the artist's observing powers. —Mr. Carl Haag, as is his wont, also chooses an oriental subject, but the interest of his picture is chiefly architectural, and the graceful minaret which occupies the centre of his street-scene makes the spectator long to visit Damascus.—Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love," was one of the pictures which was the talk of the season, partly, no doubt, on account of its size, which rendered it visible a long way off. The allegory which it embodies is not difficult to understand. Sacred Love is symbolised by the wide-winged angel; Profane Love by the half-draped woman dallying with a youth, whose feet are already half over the edge of a precipice.—Of a more popular character is Mr. J. Yates Carrington's "Strolling Players Awaiting an Audience." Mr. Carrington here presents us with a large and excellent example of his peculiar talent.—Mr. Poynter has seldom painted a small classical scene more charming in conception or more exquisite in detail than this, "On the Terrace."—Mr. Colin Hunter has this year taken up figure-painting with some seriousness. "The Baiters" is more a figure studied, while the drawing of the figures shows that the painter need not always confine himself to waves and rocks.



J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

"THE BAZAAR AT TETUAN"

Royal Academy



CARL HAAG, R.W.S.

Royal Water Colour Society
"IN DAMASCUS"



SOLOMON J. SOLOMON

"SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE"

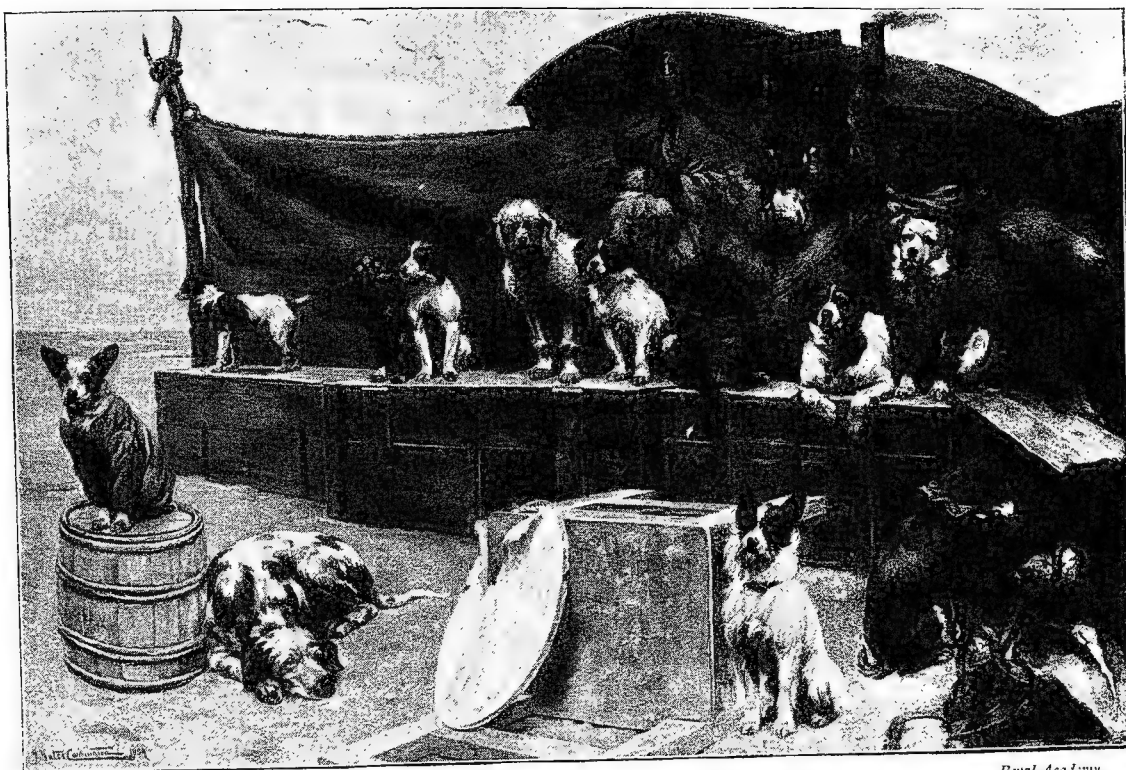
Royal Academy



H. T. WELLS, R.A.

"MISS AMY WETTON"

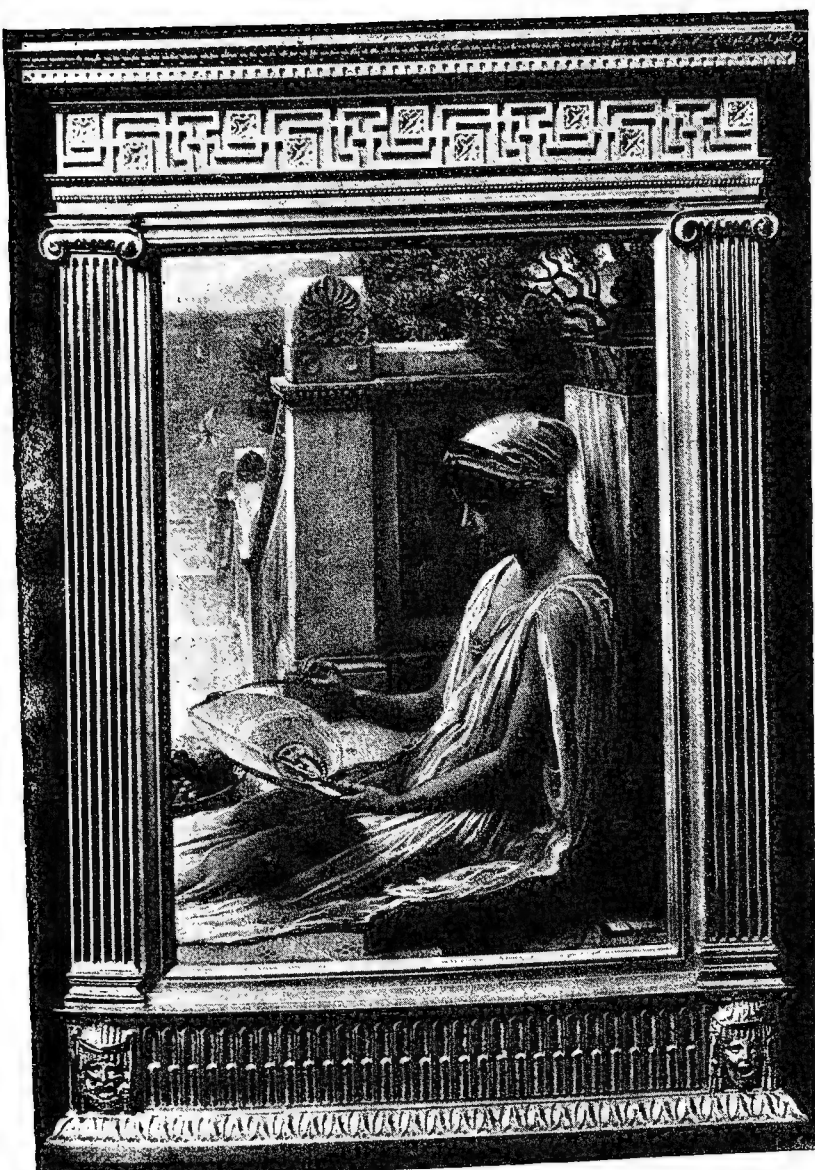
Royal Academy



J. YATES CARRINGTON

"STROLLING PLAYERS AWAITING AN AUDIENCE"

Royal Academy



E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

"ON THE TERRACE"

Royal Academy



COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

"BAITERS"

Royal Academy

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From "MESS STORIES" by PROTEUS, pp. 126-127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

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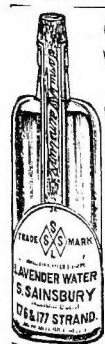


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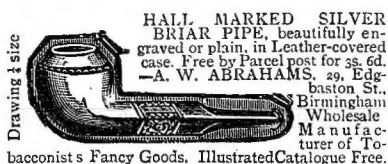
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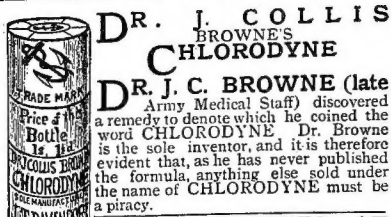
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